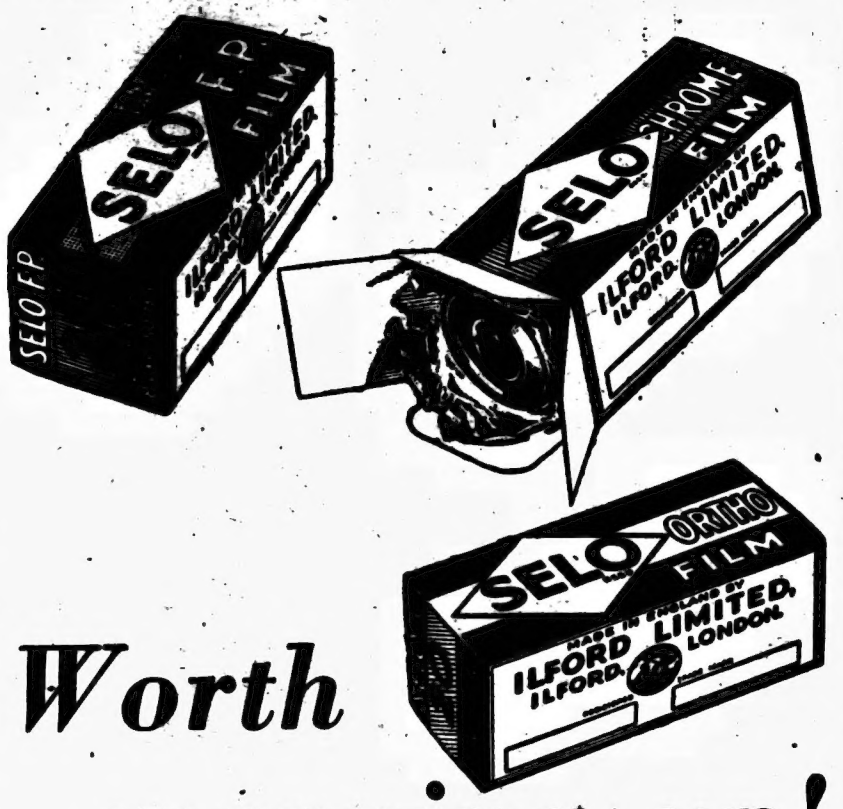
JOHN BULL 2½D
VOL. LXX 1831

LET THERE BE LIGHT by The EDITOR

OPEN LETTER TO STALIN

U.S. FIGHTERS TO FLY HERE



Worth snapping up!

Selo Films are worth snapping up because they are the best in the world, and they are still available in limited quantities. You may have to search for them, but the effort will be worth while because Selo Films give unsurpassed results.

And when Ilford Limited can again devote all its energies to your needs, British made Selo Films and other Ilford photographic products will once more be obtainable everywhere; and, as before, they will be found to be the best in the world.

SELO *films*

BRITISH MADE BY ILFORD LIMITED, MAKERS OF ALL KINDS OF SENSITISED PHOTOGRAPHIC MATERIALS, ILFORD, LONDON

Ack-ack on the ground

Spitfires in the sky

Bulmer's in the shelter

What care I?

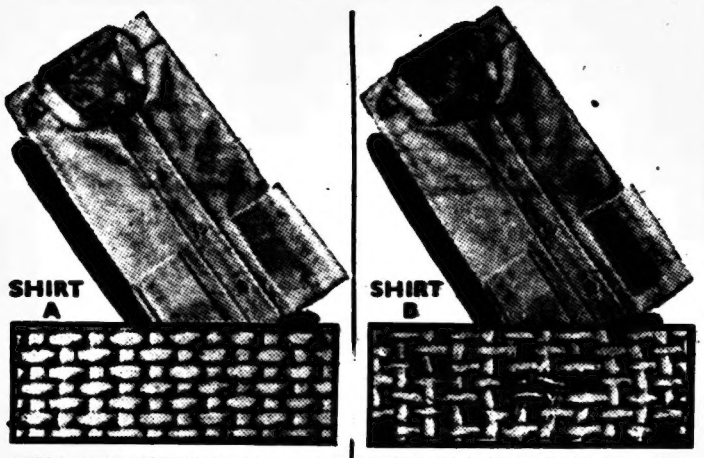
Bulmer's Cider

Everyone wants Bulmer's these days, but we cannot at present send your dealer more than his pre-war amount, so please do not blame him if he is temporarily out of stock.

H. P. BULMER & CO., LTD., HEREFORD. regds. 944C

HOW TO MAKE SHIRTS LAST 4 MONTHS LONGER

HERE'S THE PROOF! Two identical shirts were bought at the same time. One was washed the old-fashioned way; the other was washed the Rinso no-boiling way. The diagrams below show how they compared.



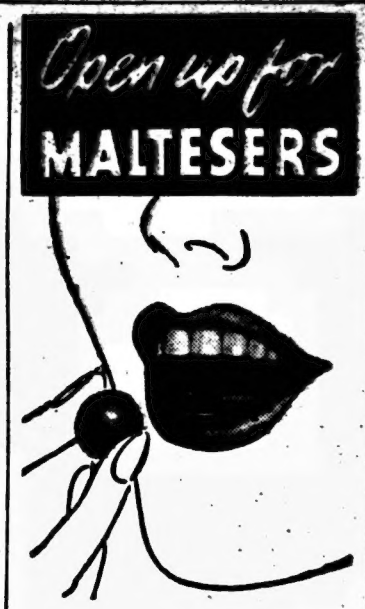
AFTER 12 MONTHS' WEAR: Cuff of shirt A (magnified). Shirt was washed (every other week) by the Rinso no-boiling method. Notice that the fibres are still whole and straight. The shirt is good for months more wear.

AFTER 12 MONTHS' WEAR: Cuff of B (magnified). Shirt was washed (every other week) by the old-fashioned, long-boiling and hard-rubbing method. Notice that the fibres are broken in some places, badly worn all over.

EXTENSIVE washing tests, carried out by the Rinso Wash Testing Laboratories with actual family washes, prove that shirts wear at least 4 months longer when washed by the Rinso no-boiling method. It also saves more than half your washday coal, and the Government has asked us to save coal. If you use gas, you'll save three-quarters of it. And you can finish an average wash (50 pieces) one and a half hours earlier. Prove it next washday!

RINSO SOAKS CLOTHES CLEAN

R 2982-760-65 *R. S. Hudson Limited*



Irresistible chocolate bubbles with crisp honeycomb centres that taste deliciously malty *and* give you food value besides. Do you wonder you can never say no to Maltesers!

2½D

The Girl who was Too Popular

IT was just a year ago that I first left home to take a secretarial job on an estate-agent's in X——.

I thought it would be humdrum work but my chief was busy organizing Home Guard detachments and so he often left the whole office in my charge. Also I had to write most of the advertisements — all about "a little gem in safe area," etc.

To tell the truth, I *loved* the work — but it wasn't exactly a rest-cure.

And then, on top of that, I made a lot of friends in X——.

ANYWAY, after a bit I began to feel terribly tired. It came to the point when I turned down invitations just so that I could go to bed early. Not that it helped. Even after ten hours in bed I still seemed to be tired.

Then last spring I went back home to see my parents. When my mother saw me she said I looked ten years older and she persuaded me to see our old family doctor.

When he found I felt tired even when I woke up in the mornings, he said my trouble was that I wasn't getting the right kind of sleep.

He explained that there are three sleep-groups. There are the people who can't sleep and lie awake listening to the clock striking. They're 3rd Group Sleepers. Then there are the 2nd Group people (as I was) who don't feel rested even after 8 or 9 hours' sleep because they're not getting deep, restoring sleep.

Lastly there are the 1st Group Sleepers — the people who get lovely deep, refreshing sleep. They feel fine even if they only get a few hours of it because it's such restoring sleep. Doctor told me to take Horlicks to help me to get back into the 1st Group.

I started taking it while I was at home. What a difference it's made to me! I can run the office, take my turn fire-watching and go to parties! All because, thanks to Horlicks, I get the recuperative benefits of 1st Group Sleep every night and no longer suffer from Night Starvation.

* * *

IN these days it is more than ever important to have the deep, restoring sleep that Horlicks brings. You will find you not only wake up refreshed, but gradually your health and spirits improve all round because Horlicks is such a grand *general* "builder-up-er."

We ask the forbearance of users of Horlicks when their chemists or grocers are temporarily without stock. Every effort is being made to ensure the most equitable distribution of the supplies of Horlicks that are available.

It's silly to spoil a smile with dull, lustreless teeth. For it's so easy to make them sparkle brilliantly — with Irium. Irium is Pepsodent's newly-discovered cleanser — and it *is* a cleanser! That is why Pepsodent dissolves surface stains and treacherous little hidden particles, keeps your mouth scrupulously clean and fresh. Change to Pepsodent! See how quickly *your* teeth can look brighter and healthier than ever before!

PEPSODENT

THE *IRIUM* DENTIFRICE

Excuse me— Inner Cleanliness comes first!

See how Andrews Liver Salt refreshes and purifies:

FIRST. Andrews cleans and refreshes the mouth and tongue.

NEXT.. Andrews settles the stomach and corrects acidity, the chief cause of indigestion.

THEN. Andrews tones up the liver and checks biliousness.

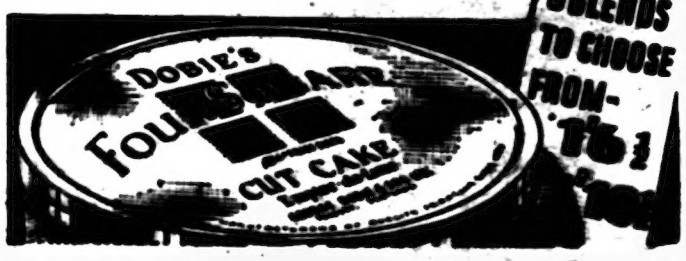
FINALLY. To complete your Inner Cleanliness, Andrews gently clears the bowels . . . . . Prices: 10½d. and 1/6½d. including purchase tax.

ANDREWS

LIVER SALT

Here is the new FOUR SQUARE battle-dress!

As we have not enough tins to pack all the Four Square tobacco you smoke, some of it is being put into these packets. But you needn't worry. Four Square is the same, whether it's in a packet or a tin — pure tobacco with no artificial flavouring.



JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, July 19, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true"

Straight from the Shoulder

KEEP ON YOUR TOES!

WE have been shown a most alarming letter.

It was written to his customers by a Midlands manufacturer suffering from a rush of good news to the head.

"Owing to altered circumstances," it said, "this factory will close for August holidays as usual."

In those two words, "altered circumstances," he crystalises the most dangerous epidemic of optimism that has yet swept the country.

Over By Christmas

We don't know what examples of this outbreak have come your way, but here are a few we've struck:

"Thank God bombing's finished."

"Don't expect to get my call-up now."

"The Russians ought to march to Berlin, as we should have done last time."

And, of course, a hundred times repeated: "Over by Christmas."

Invasion

Now what are these "altered circumstances"?

Russia is teaching Hitler for the first time what large scale resistance really means, and he can't be liking it.

It may put back his attempt at invading Britain, but it would be madness even to rely on that.

With Russian military prowess so unknown a quantity, only a fool would prophesy that victory is just round the corner.

He Looks Ahead

Then Roosevelt steps into Iceland, implementing his newest strong-man act by allowing an *extra* thousand million pounds for army improvement.

But don't absorb dangerous optimism from that.

It shows that Roosevelt does *not* think it is going to be over by Christmas!

Hitler's Dream

Roosevelt virtually brings America to within 500 miles of our coast to make sure we are well armed for the greater trial that is coming.

And because he knows that Hitler, far from being within a few days of total defeat, still dreams of conquering the United States.

That should make us steel ourselves—not slacken off.

R.A.F. Supremacy

There are other "altered circumstances" of course.

Syria. Good news, although the campaign there was never more than a big side show.

And the apparent numerical superiority at long last of the gallant R.A.F.

But don't forget that that numerical superiority depends on what German machines come back from the Russian front, and when. Aircraft workers alone have the power to make that numerical superiority permanent.

Pull Harder

This country, this Commonwealth of Free Nations, is still fighting for its very existence.

There is no "altered circumstance" about that.

And we have still got to put out mightier efforts to win—in the factories all the time: on the sea and the battlefield when the need arises.

He's Queer

You don't get the best out of that somewhat incomprehensible person, the Briton, by shouting at him that all's well.

Kemal Ataturk said of him that, like the lion, the Briton fights back best when all is not well; is more dangerous wounded than when sound of limb.

Besides, all is far from being well.

Factory Muddle

There was the "production debate" in the House of Commons.

Odious personalities were uttered. There was proof-positive of muddle, muddle, muddle in the armament factories.

And very little helpful suggestion was forthcoming on how to put things right.

Dwell on This

Official apologists were Mr. Harold Macmillan and Lt.-Col. Moore-Brabazon.

The former, Parliamentary Secretary to the Ministry of Supply, said:

"If we are to keep the high quality of design by which alone we can make up for our numerical inferiority, there must be changes and improvements which may have the effect of temporarily interrupting the flow of production."

Now think that over.

After-Thoughts

Now you know why workpeople chafe at weeks of idleness. They are held up by after-thoughts.

You know why certain big-wigs frown on certain excellent American aeroplanes made at miraculous speed, but regarded as having somewhat fewer engine-hours than our own.

You are presented with the amazing official doctrine: If your enemy is better equipped than you, be more finnicky (and therefore slower) about the things you can make.

We always warned you that an exaggerated faith in hand craftsmanship was hampering our war effort.

Missed Opportunity

As for the second Government apologist, Lieut.-Col. Moore-Brabazon, he was unduly sensitive about a silly attack on Lord Beaverbrook.

So we lost a lot that might have been helpful, because Moore-Brabazon knows as much about flying as any man; realises the necessity for production, production, production; can tell you as well as any man how far short we are falling of a full 100 per cent. war effort.

We Want a Plan

One sentence from Sir John Wardlow-Milne told more than columns from certain other speakers.

He repeated that we are not working up to more than 75 per cent. of our possible war efficiency.

The T.U.C. knows why. So does the Labour Party. We need a Plan, and a Man to impose the Plan.

Unfortunately that plan did not emerge in a debate which in certain respects was one of the most useful wartime Parliament has given us.

Adolf's Headache

Supreme task at the moment is to help the Red Army, now fighting the biggest and hardest battles of the war.

The R.A.F. does more than its share. Its losses sadden us, although they are remarkably small bearing in mind the material and psychological damage done and the huge number of machines engaged.

If every man and woman in the country did as much in their own way—what a bad day would dawn for Hitler.

Lost Days

Instead—in five months there have been 487 trade disputes involving stoppages. A loss of 594,000 man-days!

That's bad.

And unemployment crawls down rather than leaps down. Whatever the apologies offered 243,646 wholly unemployed (mid-June figure) is at least 200,000 too many.

IN CAMERA

● **Two County Councils, and at least five other important local authorities, have recently discussed behind closed doors the question of salary increases for big-wigs.**

Public galleries have been cleared. Press representatives have been ushered out. Protests have been scoffed at. And the doors of the Council Chambers have shut with a bang.

But some of these authorities have had even more important matters to deal with.

One debated in full council what was to be done about the thousands of war workers who were being drafted into the town.

Another considered the question of additional transport for "new factories"—and new factories in war time are not likely to be ice-cream or hair-net factories.

Dozens of local councils, among them some of the authorities that are so reticent about official salaries, have revealed in their debates that their towns have become munition or garrison centres.

But they have not cleared their public galleries. They have not asked the Press to leave. One or two most unfortunate debates have been reported in consequence, despite the fact that it is the honest desire of every British editor to keep Hitler guessing.

Now, make no mistake about JOHN BULL'S views. Although there may be justification for secret sessions of Parliament in war time, we don't want them in peace time.

We want no peace time secret sessions of local authorities either.

But we want honesty from these public servants. If there is any excuse at all for sessions "in camera" during a war it should be to ensure the safety of the realm. Not to save their own faces.

Trained as Shakers!

There's another point. One of the official excuses for slow production offered during the production debate was that it took time to teach trainees.

Doesn't the Ministry of Labour know that some of these trainees go into jobs which don't help the national effort in the slightest—even on to the serving side of cocktail bars?

Well Qualified

And we still get scores of letters from skilled men who can't get placed.

We print many. We'll summarise one more.

It is from Mr. George Godber of Shuttlewood, who holds four first-class certificates of Sheffield University, one for machine design, three for electrical engineering, and has worked as an engineer all his life.

He'll Go Anywhere

Mr. Godber registered for engineering in August, 1940.

In November he filled up forms offering his services in *any capacity* in his trade and *at any place*.

Six weeks later the local exchange offered him the job of Means Test investigator! On March 3—note the lapse of time—they offered him shipbuilding work, and a few days later, when he went for travel vouchers, they said: "Job gone!"

Here's Madness!

We haven't the space to describe all the subsequent efforts of Mr. Godber to help his country—or all the stupidities that prevented him. So we come to his last failure.

On May 14, ten minutes after one of the biggest aircraft factories in the country had accepted him as just the man they were looking for, they turned him down on learning that he would be letting his wife manage his small engineering business during his absence.

(Continued overleaf)

Behind the News

● **View of Britain's Secret Service is that Austria will be the first country to revolt against Nazi tyranny: Holland second.**

● Discontent in Nazi-occupied countries everywhere is ten times more marked than a year ago—but it would still be foolish to expect early results. Nazi masters are too watchful.

● *Goering (arch-looter of treasures from conquered countries) has just had the famous Luxembourg Palace, Paris, redecorated at cost of £80.000 for his own use. Money came from French payments for the cost of Nazi occupation.*

● **Biggest Nazi coward is Seyss Inquart, Hitler's leader in Holland. He lives in a hospital at den Helder, protected from R.A.F. by the Red Cross. Since our intensified air blitz began he has been moving his administration office into the building.**

● Much-bombed occupants of Western Germany, comparing Hitler bulletins with actual bomb-damage by R.A.F., now know real value of German war news. That is, the few starved operatives left behind to whimper for safety and rest. Seventy per cent. of the war workers have already been evacuated to safer areas.

● *In these areas Hitler had stored millions of pounds worth of exportable manufactured goods for sale abroad after the war—part of his "Rebuild Germany" plan. R.A.F. has blitzed most of it.*

● **Meanwhile, Soviet Air Force has bombed huge white buildings in Eastern Germany. Air pictures show them to be empty shells. Surmised that they were for storage of Russian grain from the Ukraine—which Stalin's scorched earth policy will ensure that they will never get.**

● **And what of a German-inspired peace? Mussolini had influential Spanish and South American mediators trying, but has now called them off. Both he and Hitler know this country isn't in a mood for Axis-dictated terms.**

● ***Expect real results from the long-planned Chinese offensive against Japan. America has seen that it won't fail. Chiang-kai-Shek even hopes that Wavell will find time to go to Chunking to advise our Eastern allies.***

● **Hitler hoped his war against Russia would give him millions of volunteers from occupied countries. His chief hopes revolved round Spain. Actually, he has got 5,000 recruits out of populations totalling 51,500,000.**

● Cudahy, former American ambassador to Belgium, has recently seen Hitler, describes him as like a prisoner who has long been deprived of sunshine—haggard and harassed. Famous calf-lick of black hair is greying fast.

STRAIGHT from the SHOULDER

(Continued from preceding page)

CHICAGO gangsters made their best money out of the food distributing trades — frightening small shopkeepers into paying tribute.

The trick is being imitated here.

A London fishmonger who asked another how he managed to buy such plentiful fish supplies was told: "You want to join the Brotherhood."

£200 a Week

He made inquiries about this Brotherhood. It is centred near Billingsgate fish market, although market authorities and salesmen are ignorant of its existence.

Pay one pound a week to a modern version of Al Capone and you'd be surprised how much fish comes your way.

He was told there are 200 "members." That is £200 a week for some gentle grafter.

Spoilt at Source

Vast quantities of fish have been ruined by the hot weather.

An expert tells us that much of it might have been saved had it been treated at the catching end as the valuable food that it is.

It should be gutted and cleaned at the earliest possible moment.

Too often it is shovelled into crushed ice and allowed to take its chance——reaching the big cities either too dear or two high-smelling for you to want it.

Exchange No Robbery!

Now for the sad story of a poultry owner who produced eggs for his own restaurant.

He was told that in future, like everybody else, he must take his lovely new-laid eggs to a packing station.

He did. They took them from him, gave him American eggs in exchange, and that was that.

Pay Up—and Like It!

He had taken his own eggs along in nice wooden boxes, which they were pleased to take from him.

But, instead of letting him take the American eggs away in the same boxes, they packed them in cardboard cartons for which he was asked to pay sixpence a time.

"You must buy the cardboard cartons," they told him. "The regulations say so."

But when he asked whether he would get his sixpences back next time, they said: "No. You'll have to buy another lot of cartons!"

They're Mad!

We get grosser stupidity still from the Ministry of Information.

It sends its hoards of speakers all over the country with set speeches which are probably completely out of date by the time they are uttered.

For instance, days after Russia was fighting on our side M. of I. gas-bags were running down Russia.

Pathetic Excuse

One such speaker was tackled on a village green by a man in a panama hat who asked him whether such talk wasn't defeatist.

Pathetically, the speaker pointed out that he was saying what he had been told to say.

Perhaps it was hard lines on him—especially as the man in the panama hat was no less a person than H. G. Wells.

Still, *what* an organisation!

The Also Rans

Our propagandists move so slowly that they can have their speakers everywhere saying the wrong thing for weeks.

But Goebbels—did you read his boast the other day?

He said: "We can give people in Tokio the news before the people in London know what has happened."

Which is often true.

Sad—But True

He added:

"Sometimes our sixty wireless stations are transmitting to every part of the world simultaneously in thirty different languages.

"We produce 30,000 metres of propaganda newsreel a week, make 2,000 copies, send them by plane in all directions."

And that, unfortunately, is true, too.

Cunning

And it *is* propaganda, cunning, subtle as a tiger's leer.

Not like the stuff Miss Dorothy Crisp, of the Ministry of Information staff, was spouting at Greenford, Middlesex, the other day

Business as Usual!

Miss Crisp informed her audience that Britain's strength lay in her retention of moral values—to which we say "Hear, hear."

But we don't say "Hear, hear" to what followed. No, sir! For she added that the defeated nations of Europe—our allies—had lost because they had put material values first.

A Dutchman had given her his positive assurance, she said, that some of his relatives "would approve the Nazis overrunning Holland because business would go on quietly."

It Won't Do

Come, come, Miss Crisp!

Holland and our other allies were defeated because they were swept from end to end by the hordes directed by murderer Hitler, who had laid his plans years ahead.

Ask the Ministry of Information if that isn't true.

They say these countries were victims of a murder gang.

You say they committed suicide!

Unpleasant Revival

Do you remember the scandals that surrounded the sale of surplus war stocks following the last war?

Already we hear of cars *presented* to the A.R.P. services—Rolls-Royces among them—finding their way on to the market at a mere song.

Army Cars, Too!

From a man prominent in the motoring industry we hear of Army cars sold with new engines, tyres, batteries, etc., at as low as £2 10s. each.

No effort has been made to remove from them brand-new parts worth many times the money asked.

This man failed to buy one of the £2 10s. cars, but was happy to buy two of the tyres off it for £10.

Frightening the Timid

Every post brings us examples of harsh treatment by hire-purchase firms, despite recent reforms.

Latest trick is totally to misrepresent the laws regarding hire-purchase and so frighten little people into parting with goods or money when no court would sanction such an arrangement.

We are beginning to wonder whether it isn't a pity that war work has taken Miss Helen Wilkinson away from this pet reform of hers.

Fake 'Tecs

Another trick: suppose Mr. A. undertook, before the war, to pay a hire-purchase firm £5 a month.

Whatever the firm might threaten to do, it hesitates to take the matter to court because it knows that the county court judge, recognising the altered circumstances of Mr. A., will order a reduction in payments.

So it sends detective-like touts almost daily to Mr. A.'s place of business until, fearing that all his colleagues will believe that the police are after him, he surrenders his goods.

Their Bait

Another ruse is to point out that the property in question has so enhanced in value that it would sell for the full amount of the debt and still leave a bit over.

"Here's a chance to solve your financial problems," points out the hire-purchase firm.

Purchasers shouldn't listen to such nonsense. They bought that property because they needed it, and a county court judge who knows they are making an honest effort to pay for it will be slow to take it from them.

Glad It's Going

There will soon be another substantial reduction in the £10,000,000 a day that direct war expenditure has been costing the exchequer.

One material reason is that the hateful "cost plus" system of contracting is coming to an end.

This system, which tells a contractor that the more a job costs the bigger his profits will be, has cost the taxpayer many millions—and delayed important war work considerably.

Pioneers

JOHN BULL was the first newspaper to expose the scandal of this system.

Our representatives visited camps in the earliest days of the war.

Months later, official investigators proved our charges to the hilt.

Still, we don't ask for thanks.

We'll Watch

Not perfect, but far, far better is the new "fixed price" system.

Any money a contractor wastes while carrying out a job will be his own. Any saving he can make by increasing efficiency will benefit himself.

We can't see many snags yet—but we will be watchful.

LET THERE BE LIGHT!

Without Fear or Favour

★

By THE EDITOR

READING between the lines—and the lies—of Nazi broadcasts and Press commentaries, men who know Germany can detect growing bewilderment and dismay among the German people.

Millions of them, who were already "fed up with the war," and either opposed to, or weary of, the Nazi régime, have been staggered by Hitler's invasion of Russia.

A German, who held a responsible newspaper position in the pre-Hitler Reich, and is now in this country, assures us that Goebbels has failed in a desperate attempt to whip up popular enthusiasm. His work now is to listen to Goebbels' men broadcasting to the German people.

HE KNOWS GERMANY INTIMATELY, AND KNOWS THE GERMAN PEOPLE AS NO FOREIGN OFFICE DIPLOMATIST COULD HOPE TO KNOW THEM.

On the first Sunday after the invasion of Russia began—when the delayed and disappointing "saga of victory" was blared into the ether to the accompaniment of martial music, he could clearly sense the anxious questioning in the minds of a multitude of German listeners.

"*Why*," they asked each other, as the hysterical tale of imaginary German triumphs came over the ether in twelve instalments, "*did we have to fight Russia at all? Why did the Fuehrer have to start this new and terrible war while Britain is still unconquered?*"

There is no guess-work about this anxiety in the very heart of Germany. Every student of German psychology recognises its symptoms.

It is confirmed by the whole tone of recent Nazi propaganda, with its over-emphasised confidence and enthusiasm and its continual attempts at self-justification.

THE NAZIS IN GERMANY ARE SURROUNDED BY LUKE-WARM FRIENDS AND SECRET ENEMIES. THEY ARE BESET IN EVERY OCCUPIED TERRITORY BY THE SULLEN AND DANGEROUS OPPOSITION OF THE CONQUERED PEOPLES.

PASSIVE RESISTANCE, CLEVERLY ORGANISED RIDICULE AND CONTEMPT AND, HERE AND THERE, DELIBERATE SABOTAGE, ARE FRUSTRATING ALL THEIR EFFORTS TO "PUT OVER" THE IDEA OF HITLER'S "NEW ORDER."

If our leaders could but see it, this mass of stubborn, but not yet vocal, opposition to the infamous tyranny of the Swastika presents us with a priceless chance to enlist the sympathies and revive the hopes of all Hitler's enemies in Europe.

In this connection a pamphlet has just been issued by the Fabian Society, entitled "Vansittart's Gift for Goebbels."

This is a reply by another German exile to "Black Record," the booklet reproduction of the most unfortunate series of broadcasts ever delivered by an Englishman, whose high standing still gave him no right to speak for the country.

The man who meets and confutes Vansittart's outburst against the German race is a German with more cause to hate Hitler than any of us can possibly have. He also recently published a book entitled: "Help us Germans to Beat the Nazis."

JOHN BULL can endorse most of his findings in regard to the dissemination of *Truth* and the need for consistent development of British propaganda in Germany and German-occupied territory.

We realised from the start that Vansittart's "Black Record" was capable of exploitation by Goebbels.

The crooked little Doctor has quoted from it verbatim again and again. It has gone into many editions, and is still selling freely. It may be summed up as a denunciation of the German people.

Baron Vansittart—or Sir Robert, as he then was—refuses to discriminate between the German people and the loathsome gang of grafters now commanding them.

He believes that Germany has been the curse of Europe for many generations, and must remain so unless and until the Reich is reduced to impotence and there is a drastic regeneration, largely self-administered.

But while, in his preface, he made it clear that he was not advocating any policy against Germany, and did not himself reject the possibility of a change of heart, all such passages were, of course, conveniently ignored by Dr. Goebbels.

The Reich Minister of Propaganda knows full well that millions of Germans were opposed to Hitler when he snatched power by a political coup d'état. He knows that the majority of German men and women over thirty are STILL bitterly opposed to any war of conquest.

But he also realises that no man or woman of German blood can wish to see even Hitler defeated, if that defeat must spell ruin, dismemberment and starvation for the entire German race, as Goebbels interprets "Black Record."

Now *we* are bent upon victory at all costs. We are resolved to smash "Hitlerism" come what may. We are bombing, not only German, but also French and Dutch and Belgian industrial centres because we do not intend to allow false sentiment to impede our war effort.

That is as it should be. Nevertheless, we must make up our own minds as to our ultimate aims in peace as well as war.

And, if we imagine that we can build a new and happy and secure world upon the total destruction of German freedom, we must be as blind as the Nazis themselves.

Freedom and security and human happiness cannot be confined within artificial frontiers. Mr. Roosevelt and some of his colleagues and, more recently,

MR. ANTHONY EDEN, our own Foreign Secretary, have made broad statements of democratic ideals. But these broad statements are not enough. They offer no guarantee to us and no valid assurance to our enemies.

***NOW* IS THE TIME TO LET THE GERMAN PEOPLE AND THE WHOLE WORLD KNOW WHAT *WE* HAVE TO OFFER THEM IN *OUR* "NEW ORDER."**

NOW, INDEED, IS THE IDEAL OPPORTUNTY FOR THAT FRANK STATEMENT OF OUR "PEACE AIMS," WHICH JOHN BULL HAS SO OFTEN AND SO CONSISTENTLY ADVOCATED.

Much harm has been done to our cause by unofficial and unsponsored statements such as Vansittart's "Black Record."

Our authorities seem obsessed with anxiety to bolster up morale at home, though this was never necessary. Our public has given its proofs. It never wavers, it never loses heart. It asks for nothing but the *Truth*.

German morale has not been exposed to such searching tests, and JOHN BULL is confident that it could not meet them. The reason for this is clear: We are united in the defence of liberty and the enemy is divided in his lust for power.

But, if we want, not only to win this war, but to win it decisively and to win it soon, we must try to convince all the outside world of our honesty and well-meaning.

No vague phrases or pious aspirations can carry such conviction.

Four immense Powers are now joined—at least in spirit and broad intent—to break up the Nazi-Fascist gangs and restore the rule of international law.

Each has its own grand spokesman. There is Churchill for us, Roosevelt for the United States, Stalin for all the Russias, and Chiang Kai-Shek for the dauntless millions of free China.

JOHN BULL BELIEVES THAT IF THESE FOUR MEN COULD AGREE UPON AND ISSUE A JOINT MANIFESTO OF FREEDOM'S AIMS IN PEACE AND WAR, THEY COULD RALLY TO OUR CAUSE EVERY ENEMY OF HITLER IN EVERY COUNTRY.

TO this end, however, we should also need to rid our minds of cant and prejudice.

We should have to abandon the false and dangerous notion that the traitors of Vichy represent the true spirit of the French people—our loyal comrades in the last war, our friends in spite of everything through the tragedy of their present defeat.

We should pledge our faith to suffering humanity the world over that our "New Order" will afford economic and social security to every willing people, NOT EXCEPTING THE MASSES OF THE GERMAN POPULATION.

Truth is great and will prevail.

To-day we have an unrivalled opportunity to open this furious bombardment of receptive minds.

A darkness of hatred and revenge; a hurricane of prejudice and greed and misrepresentation has o'ercast the earth. Mankind is waiting for the master word: "Let there be light!"

That light can only dawn in the hearts of free peoples when they face the fact that victory is meaningless unless it implies the triumph of justice, humanity and common sense.

HUMAN MACHINE

Making it Work

● The war has brought back into prominence a word we often used to hear a few years ago.

To tell the truth, most of us got a bit tired of that word "preparedness." It had an ugly sound.

It implied so many things! It implied care and watchfulness and hard work. It hinted at future trials and troubles, tasks to be undertaken, problems to be solved.

Being made as we are, we felt a bit resentful!

Well, we know now how silly our resentment was. We now know that while there may be no magic in the word "preparedness," there is an almighty lot of horse sense.

But what we don't all realise is that there is much horse sense in this word in peace as in war, in everyday life as in a great crisis.

"It takes all kinds of appliances to solve all sorts of problems," said an American writer. "Hard work is not enough. Careful study of situations is necessary to render the work worth while and effective.

"Zeal alone accomplishes little—the gun must be aimed as well as fired. All around us we see people who are failures because they have come to the river of opportunity, bringing no net in their hand."

In other words, to make life work you must use your brains to think ahead of the job. You must plan. You must prepare. YOU MUST THINK.

At any moment you may turn a corner and find yourself standing on the bank of the river of opportunity. If you have no net in your hand you will catch no fish.

OPEN LETTERS

HALIFAX TOWN COUNCIL

SIRS,—Have you heard the news? There's a war on!

I thought you didn't know, seeing that when the 19 members of your Light, Heat and Power Committee slipped along to the electricity works to have it explained to them they were regaled to lunch costing eleven shillings a head.

Food £5 4s. 6d.; sherry £1 12s.; other wine £1 7s.; cigars £2 2s. 6d.; minerals 2s. 6d.—it's very hard on the ratepayers, unless you are letting them off their electric light bills.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON, Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—Bonfire Day approaches again for the railway companies. They are cutting the grass along thousands of miles of line and stacking it up for the big blaze.

"Not economic," I was told by Officialdom when I asked why it wasn't stacked as hay

Not economic, my eye! We don't pay for feeding stuffs in money nowadays, but in lives.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. J.T.C. Moore-Brabazon, M.C., M.P., Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR,—Seventy-five per cent. of the women workers in one shop of a large aircraft factory were told the other day that they could go to the pictures and "come back at five for their pay."

You can have the details if you want them.

For heaven's sake don't let manufacturers get the idea that all we want now is tanks!—JOHN BULL.

Sir KINGSLEY WOOD, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

DEAR SIR,—Months have gone since you expressed a wish to "peg" both wages and the cost of living to avert inflation.

Now you are consulting trade unions and employers' organisations with that end in view.

I welcome some such plan because I know that price increases have a habit of racing well ahead of wage increases.

But I hope you will remember that while workers in some trades have received substantial increases others have got little or none. We don't want a plan that will perpetuate injustices.—JOHN BULL.

Mrs. JEAN KNOX, Chief Controller, A.T.S.

DEAR HUSTLER,—I hear that A.T.S. reforms "contemplated" for two years were carried out within two days of your taking charge of the service as a 33-year-old woman who owed nothing to influence

How I wish you could take your broom along to the War Office!—JOHN BULL.

Sir ANDREW DUNCAN, President, Board of Trade

DEAR SIR ANDREW,—A gentlemen's outfitter, closing shop to join up, had dozens of Black Bourse clothes buyers round trying to buy his stock.

They argued: "You won't want coupons seeing that you won't need to replenish."

My information is that this is happening on a big scale. You might see to it.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. DAVID MARCESSON, M.C., M.P., Secretary of State for War

DEAR SIR,—Hope you found out the name of that stupid "Intelligence" officer who, on the arrival of the Russian military mission, warned Press photographers that they mustn't snap British officers shaking hands with the Reds.

The less he has to do with any war work demanding intelligence the better.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD REITH, Minister of Works and Buildings

DEAR LORD REITH,—Just outside Ware, Hertfordshire, I came across a squad of expert bricklayers erecting what appeared to be a massive war memorial in red bricks.

They were building an entrance gateway to a private estate, they said.

Somebody seems to have forgotten that we want expert bricklayers and red bricks to provide house-room for the incoming American bombers. — JOHN BULL.

LORD WOOLTON, Ministry of Food

DEAR LORD WOOLTON,—Reason for some of the recent failures of your Ministry has been a refusal on the part of certain trading interests to co-operate with you.

Stand your ground and you'll have the whole country behind you!

Employers can no longer lock out their staffs. Staffs can no longer strike. The policy of ca' canny is forgotten. So make these so-called "trading interests" toe the line, too.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HERBERT MORRISON, Secretary of State, Home Department

DEAR MR. MORRISON,—Teetotal organisations are urging on you and Lord Woolton the reduction of beer supplies, shortening of hours of opening, and no Sunday pubs.

Turn a deaf ear to them—as I hope you would to the brewers if they tried to turn the war to their own account.—JOHN BULL.

UNITED DAIRIES, LTD., London

DEAR SIRS,—Congratulations for both prosecuting and refusing further supplies to food hogs who beat up the milkman when he won't sell them rationed goods to which they're not entitled.

But I'm sorry the first two defendants got off with fines of £1.—JOHN BULL.

COMMITTEE National Institute for the Blind

SIRS,—Tell the country the name of that blind boy of yours (actually, he could see just six inches) who for twenty months has been out in the North Sea sweeping mines.

Badly injured by walking into a revolving capstan, he insisted on going back to one of the most perilous jobs of the war. And all you will reveal is that his name is James.

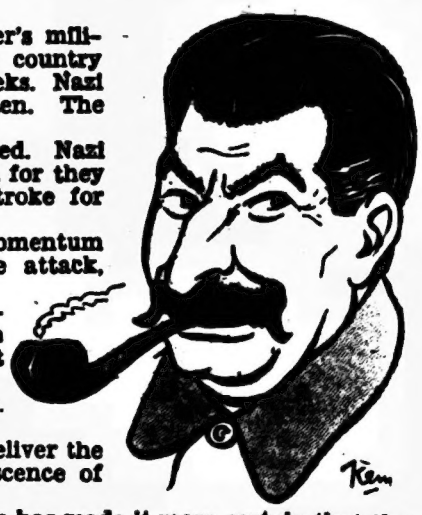
Come on, now: tell us! We get too much reticence about heroes from the Air Ministry.—JOHN BULL.

Miss MARY SUTHERLAND, Chief Woman Officer, Labour Party

DEAR MISS SUTHERLAND,—With your usual energy you are rallying volunteers to run nursery schools for children under five, so releasing young mothers for war work.

But for once I find myself wishing you were a little less energetic. I get hundreds of letters from able-bodied women who want to serve and can't get the chance, and who should certainly go before we tear mothers from the cradles.—JOHN BULL.

JOSEPH STALIN, Chairman, Soviet State Committee of Defence



DEAR STALIN,—Years ago Hitler's military advisers told him your country could be overwhelmed in three weeks. Nazi craniums have swelled since then. The figure was reduced to 10 days.

Well, four weeks have now passed. Nazi penetration there was bound to be, for they have planned this treacherous stroke for years.

But what Nazi, knowing what momentum should be expected from surprise attack, could call this success?

And what German mother, weighing these gains of scorched earth against lost manhood, could but weep at it?

Today Russia more than survives. She fights on magnificently.

It may well be her privilege to deliver the death-blow to this hateful excrescence of Nazism. It may be ours.

But whatever hurt she suffers, she has made it more certain that that death-blow will one day fall.

Meanwhile, for that foresight in giving your army tanks and aeroplanes while we slept, that dynamic energy which shamed us by conscripting in one stroke all men between 16 and 50, all women between 16 and 45, and that Russian courage which, like the British variety refuses to be cowed by murder—thanks!—JOHN BULL.

The Queue is a Social Evil

THERE they were—ugly blotches of humanity on sunlit main street. They were queues and they stretched along the pavement outside the greengrocer's, the cake shop, the tobacconist's, and the fishmonger's.

The queue is a fascinating study. It is a penetrating lesson in mob psychology. People join a queue without knowing what is for sale.

* * *

There is no need for queues. No one in this country is going to go hungry, let alone starve. The things for which people queue—cigarettes, tomatoes, fruit, cakes—are not essential to life. They are luxury trimmings and can be dispensed with.

I have resolved that I will not queue for anything Queues are anti-social. They are the stamping ground of the selfish, the greedy, the acquisitive.

Men join queues for cigarettes, although they have enough for their immediate needs. And other men, nagged into servitude by lazy wives, devote their mid-day break to trying to buy goods which are scarce.

ARGUE IT OUT
By Pallas

You know the sort of thing—"Oh, dear, if you *can* spare the time to get me a few tomatoes, do bring some home." And another hapless mortal joins the swelling queue.

In my home town—a residential town in Surrey, policemen are diverted from their normal duties to control the queues. Whose fault is it?

Are the shopkeepers to blame? They are to some extent.

Are local authorities to blame? Yes, to a large extent. They have the power to prevent queues, for queues are obstructions and obstructions are against the law.

* * *

How simple it would be to forbid queueing! And what a splendid blow at the stupid, greedy people who cannot resist the urge to buy anything whether they need it or not.

Your real 100 per cent. queueist is a downy bird. She—for women are the main sinners, because women by nature are more acquisitive than men—shows a sense of strategy and generalship, which, turned to other purposes, would help to further the war effort.

She neglects her housework, perhaps even her children, so that she can make her forays. She may go shopping three or four times a day.

The queue is a pitiless, ruthless thing. It has no mercy on the weak, the infirm, the nursing mother or the expectant mother. It gives no quarter, is no respecter of persons.

* * *

It is an evil which should be suppressed. It is unfair to those women who are devoting their total effort to the common cause, and who have no time to waste on queues.

You may have gathered by now that I do not like queues, or the people who make them. Still less do I like the qualities which prompt queues. And if you agree with me and, like me, decide not to join any queue, you will be doing a service—nay, a duty—to yourself and the country.

COMMODORE G. PURSSEY PHILLIPS switches the spotlight of his graphic narrative to the fishing trawlers whose crews defy Goering's bombers with all the sauciness of the names under which their tough little craft sail

Death-Hail Beaten

I HAVE spent my life on the deep seas and sailed big ships from Japan to the Golden Gate, from Sydney to Rio and back again.

Shall I tell you the thing I most liked to see, after months of tropical palms and blue lagoons and strange faces?

As we bucked along towards Britain, anywhere within 200 or 300 miles out, we came across dirty little fishing trawlers with saucy names like *Dancing Light*, *Young Fred*, and *Follow Me*.

Further in we would see the weather-beaten red sails of other fishing-boats; and these plucky little wanderers were, for us, the real England.

Let me tell you about one of these cockboats.

War or no war, she voyaged sturdily out to sea in all weathers.

One winter morning, with a keen easterly wind and a violent sea, she clawed her way through the gale to the fishing-grounds and shot her trawls.

Bombs began to ring the tiny boat. Pilots of the four Heinkels thought they had an easy job but . . .

Coffee and Heinkels

The men gathered in the galley to drink scalding coffee—and they needed it, for the wind would have chilled a Polar bear, and the spray that dashed over them on deck froze on their eyelashes and mufflers as it fell.

They were drinking their coffee when four Heinkels appeared, black dots against a wrack-laden eastern sky.

The twin-engined warplanes made straight for the fishing-boat, flying at a great height. Dropping into line astern, they came diving down.

There was no gun for them to fear, and one after another they flew so low that the rocking vessel's short mast seemed almost to touch them.

And—this being work at which Nazi gunners excel—they raked the decks of the cockboat with streams of machine-gun lead.

But the seamen had taken cover; and British oak is not easily to be pierced even by Hun steel.

The four machines roared up and came wheeling round for another attack.

Coming down very low, they began methodically to drop high explosive and fire bombs on the decks.

Five fire bombs lay hissing and sparking about the ship as the attackers once more whirled upwards.

The vessel was rocking so that it seemed that she must turn turtle and founder, so near had a great explosive bomb come down—indeed, the men aboard thought, at first, that it had blown her bottom out.

Bombs Flung Overboard

But the ship still floated in a leaping cauldron of water. As she steadied a little, men raced from their quarters and flung the fire bombs overboard.

Before those who dealt with them could get under cover again the four Heinkels were screeching down at them. Once more came a blaze of gunfire from the skies.

Skipper and mate—the first two men to reach the fire bombs—were both killed outright. Other seamen lay on the decks, helpless and writhing.

It seemed that the Nazi aircraft screamed in triumph as they climbed the stormy sky.

One more bomb attack and the ship would be nothing but a whirl of jagged wreckage. It could not move now—half its company was down.

They circled gracefully and flew across the vessel once more, each dropping bombs.

They had reckoned without the Fishermen of England!

Thomas McArthur, the third hand, had taken command, as calmly as if it were just a matter of landing some fish on a quay.

"Cut away the trawl warps!" he ordered, strolling to the wheelhouse.

Seeing his steady gait, other men came into the open, and the warps were hacked away.

"Get under cover!" he added, as the Heinkels passed low overhead, the noise of their engines almost obliterating his words.

Again came that death-hail of bullets, and a spatter of fire bombs.

No man was hit. Three bombs were put overboard as if they had been mere tins of cocoa, but two penetrated into the heart of the vessel.

A small explosive bomb blew in part of the deck at the stern, starting a fire which was instantly added to by other fires inside the trawler.

But McArthur, at the wheel, was giving sharp orders to the engineer. The little ship was gathering way.

She began to zigzag, picking up pace, doubling and turning like a hare pursued by dogs.

Men raced below to fight the fires that were crackling and pouring out tongues of flame and smoke.

The Heinkels, maddened by this effort of their victim to escape, came down again and again.

It must have cost Hitler a few hundred pounds in bombs, for they sprinkled the sea with them like a cook putting sugar on a cake, but they could not score another hit.

The trawler turned this way and that. Bombs came down where she had been and ahead of her and aport and to starboard till it seemed that the seagods themselves were guarding her with an impenetrable and invisible shield.

Machine-gun bullets made silver splashes of lead to scar and pockmark her decks still further, but no more men were hit.

Soon it was evident that McArthur was playing a double game.

Not only was he dodging the bombers as he swung the helm hard this way and that.

He was swinging the rolling clouds of black smoke that poured up from the burning ship in such a way that he laid a smoke screen behind and over his vessel, through which the infuriated Nazi bomb-aimers and gunners could not see.

More than that, he was plunging the ship's head into the great rollers so that hundreds of gallons of water raced aboard and went hissing and sizzling on top of the flames where the incendiary bombs had done their work.

"Aided by the heavy seas," says the Admiralty report, in its dry, terse English, "they at last succeeded in extinguishing the fires."

The Sea Their Ally

Only a seaman knows what that means; only a Kipling could tell it to a landsman.

With four diving, bombing, gunning warplanes overhead, able to fly twelve yards while the ship sailed one, with fires roaring up from her, with her skipper and mate lying dead on her slippery decks, with half her hands gone, with the tag-ends of the trawl-warps draggling overside, and with a tremendous sea running, these children of the deeps actually *used* the waves to fight their other enemies.

Without warning, the attack from the sky suddenly ceased.

The survivors on the battered fishing-boat did not know why. The last chapter of that murderous assault was written fifty miles away.

Two Blenheims of the Coastal Command, returning from operations against German supply ships, saw the smoke and the four Heinkels above it. And they turned that way for vengeance.

Ran Away Too Late

The Heinkels did not wait to dispute their passage. They put their skates on for a distant base in France.

Two of them were too late.

The Blenheims overhauled them, and one was shot down ablaze from end to end like a huge firework with a single long burst.

The other, caught in a crossfire less than a mile on, seemed to fly to bits in the air and dropped all over the waves, leaving no survivors.

The remaining two bombers disappeared in cloud. But the Blenheims, as they returned from that savage interlude to the fishing-boat that was now fifty miles away from where they had chased down and struck at its attackers, saw that the fires were under control down there and the little ship was fighting its dogged way back to its own home port.

Scottish shipbuilders repaired the damage, and British fishermen stepped quietly forward to recruit the depleted ranks of its crew.

There are one or two slight changes. McArthur has been awarded Lloyd's War Medal for Bravery at Sea. And the trawler now carries a gun and a trained gunner.

Meanwhile, guns or no guns and bombers or none, the seamen of Britain will keep the seas until the bitter waste and cruelty of war are done, and little ships and splendid liners may sail once more in freedom and peace for the service of man.

ALL ABOARD FOR BLIGHTY

A STRANGE group of people gathers in Lisbon's airport this morning. Germans, Englishmen, Spaniards and Americans all rub shoulders.

The Englishmen are waiting to begin a remarkable flight. Across the way, their giant flying-boat rides the waters of the River Tagus with aristocratic ease.

From his inner sanctum an airport official speaks to far-away England. High officers of the Air Ministry are deciding whether it is safe for the flying-boat to set out.

★ ★ ★

Ten minutes later the okay comes through.

The fourteen English passengers troop out. Portugal is still at peace, but there is a stiffening, a tension amongst the airport crowd.

The Englishmen board the flying-boat. Every one of them has special war work and Government papers which make him a priority passenger. Ordinary traffic has ceased.

Twenty minutes later Lisbon's fine harbour is way down on the horizon, fast fading.

Outwardly the world is at peace.

But the pilots know otherwise. They have no radio contact with their bases and the course they are taking is very unusual. Nowadays they never follow the same course twice.

Lunch-time comes round with everything running smoothly, and an excellent four-course luncheon is served.

Something away on the starboard bow. Something resembling another 'plane.

A little stir of interest runs through the passengers. Their 'plane is unarmed. It must be, by international law, to land in neutral countries.

Climbing now. Speed increasing. The spot out there has grown larger.

Cluster of thick cloud ahead. Before the spot is identified they are smothered by cloud.

Fifteen minutes later they are clear of a series of cloud-banks and the spot has gone.

Now the steward is fitting opaque shutters over the portholes.

At this stage of the trip the shutters always go up.

The course becomes more erratic. Sometimes they are 20,000 ft. up, following a zigzag, and then they go down to skim the sea.

★ ★ ★

A strip of coast and gleaming foam. England!

Another stir goes through the passengers. From every point of view this is the biggest moment of the flight. A series of sweeps and down she goes.

A civilian flying-boat has performed its bi-weekly miracle. Flown through the heart of the battle zone, without let or hindrance.

It represents a life-line between ourselves and America.

And it represents a brand of courage unrivalled throughout the world.

HATS OFF TO CHINA

This war began in China. The verdict of history may well be that it was won in China. It is time that the civilised world made acknowledgment of its debt to that great people and its inspired leader

By A. G. GARDINER

CONSIDER what would have happened if China four years ago had collapsed before the attack of Japan.

THAT ATTACK WAS PART OF A SCHEME OF WORLD CONQUEST WHICH HAD BEEN HATCHED BY THE CONSPIRATORS OF BERLIN AND TOKYO.

Long before Hitler had seized power in Germany the Nazi plotters were as thick as thieves with the plotters of Japan.

Hitler's agents swarmed over that country. They had a finger in every pie—in the Army, the Navy, in trade, finance and diplomacy.

And everywhere the aim was to undermine British and American influence in the Far East.

The programme was nothing less than the distribution of the world. Japan was to have the hegemony of Asia and the Pacific, Germany was to have the hegemony of Europe, the Atlantic and the Western hemisphere.

Bits of fat were to be thrown to the Italian jackal to keep him from ratting.

Japan's invasion of China was the first great move in the drama. Japan had already tried the ice in Manchuria and found that it would bear.

SHE HAD TORN UP THE NINE-POWER TREATY WHICH GUARANTEED THE INTEGRITY OF CHINA, AND NEITHER BRITAIN NOR THE UNITED STATES—WHICH, LIKE JAPAN HERSELF, WERE SIGNATORIES TO THAT TREATY—LIFTED A FINGER TO SAVE CHINA.

Now the moment had come to go full steam ahead. Hitler was not yet ready to throw off the mask, but Japan could make the pace, prepare the ground and "jump" the Axis claim in Asia and the Pacific. By that time Hitler would be ready to strike in the West.

Japan had no doubt about her ability to fulfil her part of the contract. She was not going to have a war. She was going to have a walk-over.

In three months of ruthless massacre she would have China beaten to the ground, her Government destroyed, a puppet Government installed and the Japanese hegemony of Asia and the Pacific in sight.

With China enslaved Japan would have immeasurable resources of man power and material to hold the Far East, while Hitler released his lightnings over Europe.

It was a cunning plot, and it promised success. The Chinese had gone down like ninepins before Japan in 1894, and were only saved then by the authority of the Great Powers.

Since then the Sun Yat Sen revolution had stirred them out of the torpor of two thousand years and they were emerging into the modern world and a constitutional system of government.

But they were still ravaged by brigands (largely encouraged by Japan); still without organised armies, munitions, air power or sea power. They seemed like helpless sheep at the mercy of wolves.

Worst of all they stood alone. The breakdown of the Nine-Power Treaty had left them naked to their ferocious enemies.

No wonder Japan thought she had a walk-over. And if that had been the case, consider the consequences to us when we were left alone to face the mad bull rush of Hitler in Europe.

His Axis partner would have been the autocrat of Asia and the Pacific. He would have driven us out of the Far East and threatened India on the one side and Australasia on the other.

BUT JAPAN DID NOT HAVE A WALK-OVER. INSTEAD A MIRACLE HAPPENED. THE GREATEST MIRACLE OF THIS WAR. PERHAPS IN ITS EFFECT THE MOST PREGNANT MIRACLE IN HISTORY.

CHINA did not collapse in three months. Her government did not surrender, her people did not cry for mercy.

Instead, they rose to a stature of greatness and heroism that has astonished the world. They perished, men, women, and children, by the hundred thousand and by the million.

They suffered every horror that a fiendish enemy could invent and execute. They saw their cities go up in flames.

They saw their sanctuaries desecrated, their seats of learning destroyed, their women ravaged, their people poisoned with drugs, their homes pillaged of all they possessed.

But they did not yield. By tens of millions they fled before the avalanche of horror

The Spy On Our Doorstep

● A "John Bull" man tells how Hitler's agents work in Dublin. Mr. Morrison, Home Secretary *(below)*, hurried to Belfast to probe this arrogant spying.

IN the bar of a fashionable Dublin hotel some time ago I watched a young man who was sipping one champagne cocktail after another, surrounded by a smart young set of adolescent boys and girls whom he seemed to entertain with his antics and stories.

Older and more respectable people in the place sneered when they looked in the direction from where the noisy fellow's voice resounded. All I could learn about him was that he was a German.

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After careful inquiries I discovered his identity. The amiable German who spends money lavishly all over Dublin and on his frequent trips to coastal hotels in Louisville and near the mouth of the Shannon is the Nazi chief spy in Ireland, the man whom Hitler has sent to keep his ear on the pulse of Britain.

His name is Karl Petersen, and before the war he masqueraded, like so many Nazi spies, as a journalist, representative of a German paper in Dublin.

As soon as war broke out Petersen's position became one of the most important in the world-wide Nazi spy system. As Hitler realised this, he ordered Petersen's elevation to Nazi Press Attaché of the German Legation in Dublin.

To Dublin journalists this was no surprise. They have suspected Petersen ever since he set foot on Eire soil. His application to become a member of the Irish journalists' organisation was refused.

They were supposed to obtain their information from him, but hardly any Eire journalists have ever approached Petersen in his official capacity. And Petersen apparently does not mind.

He gives the impression that he enjoys his unique position, a spy who need not cloak his activities under any mask. He simply goes about with ears and eyes open.

What respectable Irish men and women will not betray to him he tries to extract from their young sons and daughters, whom he entertains so lavishly.

You cannot come near Petersen without being treated to the strongest cocktail, to a bottle of fine old wine. His bland expression, his apparently meaningless talk, cleverly hides his real purpose from his victims.

Frequently Petersen is a guest of the Dublin Nazi Minister Hempel in his large villa overlooking Kingstown Harbour. If you are lucky you can see them both scanning the sea and the sky-line with powerful glasses.

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What you could not see—even if you were lucky—is Hempel and Petersen operating the powerful radio transmitter by which they get their news across to Germany at any time.

Petersen has all the British papers on his table every morning, and is able to send his summary to Berlin as quickly as if it were being wired from London.

He has told many of his friends how much he enjoyed his trips across the border into Ulster—the only Nazi to tread British soil in liberty during the war.

But that was some time ago, and there is reason to believe that this arch spy no longer dare venture a yard out of neutral Eire. He must rely on his agents whom he has been able to send across the border on week-end tickets without as much as an identity card on them!

Yet I doubt whether Petersen's happy days will last much longer. The number of Irish people who shun the little Nazi snake is growing daily.

If you could follow Petersen on all his mysterious errands over Eire you would probably discover a discreet Irish plain clothes man on his trail. This police officer "protects" him. It is good to know that he must, at the same time, watch him too.

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Two uniformed and two plain clothes police officers guard the Nazi Legation in Dublin night and day.

Apart from Hempel and Petersen there is only a councillor by the name of Thompson, who also discharges the function of the obligatory Gestapo official to watch the Legation staff of three typists and keep an eye on the 300-odd Germans who are still in Ireland.

They are organised as ardent Nazis, but since the outbreak of war have not sent their children to the S.A. exercises which used to take place regularly in the grounds of Kilmacoura Hotel, which belongs to a German, and is about forty miles outside Dublin. They are content to attend indoor meetings under the chairmanship of Herr Winkelmann, who fulfills the functions of a Nazi gauleiter in Eire.

NG!

into the interior. They organised armies. They built new homes, new towns, new industries.

Cut off from outside help, they learned to manufacture their own munitions. Their new capital, Chung King, far up the Yangtze, was burned again and again, for they had no air force to keep the enemy away from their sky.

But it was rebuilt again and again.

And, meantime, they struck back at the foe. They broke the dams and flooded the occupied territory. They organised guerrilla armies that slew and scourged and harassed the invader.

They occupied a line nearly three thousand miles long which the enemy could not penetrate, and from which they ate into his vitals like a cancer.

AND in the fifth year of the war, which was to be over in three months, Japan finds herself bogged in China with no hope of victory, and the growing certainty of defeat.

SHE HAS NOT DESTROYED A NATION. SHE HAS MADE A NATION. CHINA WENT INTO THIS WAR AN UNORGANISED RABBLE. SHE HAS BEEN HAMMERED IN THE FURNACE OF PAIN AND SACRIFICE INTO ONE OF THE GREAT NATIONS OF THE EARTH.

What she has done and is destined to do is one of the decisive factors of the war.

China owes little to us. But we owe much to her. She is our pillar of Freedom in the Far East, and now that Russia has been forced into our camp the whole of Asia is our ally.

If I ever doubted that "there is a divinity that shapes our ends" I should find the doubt difficult to maintain in the face of the miraculous resurrection of China. For the secret of that resurrection is due to what I have called the inspired leadership of Chiang Kai-shek.

The influence of personality upon events has never had so striking a witness as he supplies.

Not Lincoln in the Civil War nor Churchill in Europe to-day is so conspicuously the instrument of destiny as the remarkable man who has recreated China, and is helping to save the Christian civilisation throughout the world.

The story of his rise and achievements—his initiation into the art of war in Japan, his assumption of the mantle of Sun Yat Sen, his conversion to Christianity, and his marriage into that illustrious Soong family that has done so much to modernise China, his simplicity of life, the greatness of spirit with which he has fused the nation—is the greatest saga of our times.

HE HAS GIVEN CHINA A NEW BIRTH. HE HAS DONE MORE THAN ANY SINGLE MAN TO STEM THE TIDE OF BARBARISM AND TO SAVE THE CHRISTIAN CIVILISATION FROM DESTRUCTION.

Hats off to Chiang Kai-shek! And hats off to China! They are our glorious allies in war. They will be our priceless allies in peace.

Once we waited in scores of thousands to greet trans-atlantic fliers. Yet to-day even Miss Jacqueline Cochran, American woman pilot who brought a bomber from U.S., arrived ungreeted

U.S. Fighters to Fly Here

By MAURICE FAGENCE

FROM time to time it has been one of my jobs to wait at Croydon aerodrome for the arrival of some Atlantic flyer.

Sometimes we have had the joy of seeing a pilot half-crazed with strain and sleeplessness slop out of his machine. Then we all went mad.

Sometimes we heard of a forced landing on the way, with the pilot safe.

But there were times when there was no news—and still no news when dawn came again. And we knew the worst.

No Excitement

I found myself waiting once again for an Atlantic flyer the other day.

In a tiny London club. Nobody waits on aerodromes for them nowadays.

There was no drama, no excitement—not even an air of expectancy.

With me sat three men who had themselves crossed the Atlantic with giant bombers and flying-boats in the last thirty-six hours.

We awaited a fourth, who was bringing an eighty-ton bomber over, and was completing the journey to London by train.

"Train's late," said one of my companions, when his friend was an hour overdue.

The one unthinkable, impossible thing was that the huge bomber might be late!

At last he arrived. We saw him from the window, getting out of his taxi.

One pilot ordered lettuce sandwiches and bitter beer for him as his feet were heard on the stairs.

"Some trouble," said the man nearest the window. "Bill looks cross."

"I'm going to do a murder," were his words of introduction.

"There am I, dead on my course for the aerodrome, and they start telling me how to find my way.

"'Who's flying this crate, you or me?' I ask them. 'Get off the air and give the B.B.C. a chance to be funny.'"

He settled down to his beer and sandwiches.

They must have set him thinking about food, for "Got my onions?" he demanded suddenly.

They handed him a bunch of English Spring onions, and he put them in his inside breast-pocket almost with reverence.

Dollars for Onions

Every Atlantic ferry pilot takes onions back to America with him. In America they have become somehow emblematic of British courage and fortitude.

Sold at auction in a New York night club an onion will fetch pounds in good U.S. dollars for British war charities.

There followed a few "When are you going back?" questions.

Then a few more questions on the lines of "What sort of journey did you have?"

Then Bill asked about "the car," and the news that it was parked outside set him striding to the window to see it.

I was to grow to hate that car during the evening.

It was an old Ford of eight horse-power. Six Atlantic ferry pilots shared its cost—£8!—so that they will always have something to drive when they are in Britain.

If there is any piece of machinery in the world more important than any multi-engined aeroplane they are flying across the Atlantic wastes it is that car.

"There's a copper standing beside it," shouted Bill with urgency.

We went downstairs.

The policeman wanted to know who was the driver, and Bill, being at least one of its drivers, said he was.

So Bill was asked for his name and address.

Hard to Convince

I don't think I shall ever forget that policeman's face when Bill replied.

"Number 112, South 42nd Street, New York City," he said.

The constable recoiled for a minute, closed one eye as if it helped him to judge whether we were fooling or not, and then reminded us that there were certain things he could do to people who tried to be funny.

"I'm not asking you where you used to live, or where your uncle lives," he said. "I want to know your present address."

"Number 112, South 42nd Street, New York City," repeated Bill.

"Now, look here," said the officer. "I know an Englishman when I see one. And I know you are an Englishman. So I'll put it this way: *Where did you stay last night?*"

"At Number 112, South 42nd Street, New York City," said Bill humbly.

That was enough.

"Your licence," snapped the policeman. "That'll give it."

Bill handed it over—an international driving licence.

Feverishly, the policeman searched for an address on it. And there it was—number 112, South 42nd Street, New York City.

"Then how the devil——?" began the policeman.

Bill explained.

A wide grin spread over the official face. The owner of it put an almost affectionate arm round Bill.

"Take the car into the mews at the back, there's a good chap," he said. "Lock it up—if the lock still works. And—and good luck to you."

First the choke had to be prodded out with a piece of plywood. Then a bent paper-clip had to be inserted for the switching-on process.

That car tried to throw every one of us in turn over the houses. Then it decided to go, and we parked it in safety.

Defeat from the West

And, back in the club, I listened to more thrilling stories than I have heard for months.

Little can be said of the operational work in bringing machines here.

Hitler knows that defeat is flying to him out of the West, and the less we tell him about it the quicker his defeat.

But these facts I can tell you:

If anyone throws doubt on the value of American aircraft, just laugh.

Some of those that are arriving are seven years in advance of anything hitherto made.

If anyone doubts whether the American aircraft industry is getting into its stride, tell them that our Atlantic pilots are now saying: "There are always machines waiting for us."

More. These men, who should know, say that if we can't win the war in any other way, Germany is going to be bombed into submission.

"They won't know what hit them," they say.

The time is near, they say, when fighters will be flown here. I cannot even hint how.

No, we don't wait at Croydon for our trans-Atlantic airmen, nowadays. We have changed...

So have the Americans.

Instead of thinking of us as a nation with heroes, they now call us a nation of heroes.

And Hitler, who almost convinced the world that we are decadent, has taught them that!

ESCAPES FOR QUACKS

"Much more remains to be done if this rampant quakery is to be stamped out"

THE Pharmacy and Medicines Bill to protect the public from quackery does not go far enough.

JOHN BULL, more than any other paper, has for years exposed this evil—just as we always carefully test the gunuineness of medicines advertised in our columns.

From January 1, next year, there will be penalties for those who attempt to humbug the public by selling worthless "remedies" for serious complaints at high prices.

The ingredients of the "cure-all" medicine will now have to be shown on the label.

All this is to the good, but unfortunately the new legislation is not far-reaching enough to stamp out these bogus "specialists." It may make things more difficult for them, but it seems to me that many of them will still be able to operate.

Sir Ernest Graham-Little mentioned, in the Commons debate, the case of a man suffering from cancer, who paid a quack fifteen guineas for two powders, which he was told would cure him.

This poor man died two days later. When analysed, the powders were found to contain nothing but cane sugar!

Like many other shameful cases, this came to my notice and was exposed in these columns.

My files are packed with the records of charlatans who have for years past made Rolls-Royce incomes from the heartless exploitation of the sick and the suffering.

A "doctor" who operated from an imposing address in London was a typical impostor who preyed like a vulture on patients and their relatives, usually extorting higher fees than the most expensive of Harley Street specialists.

I became interested when he was treating a youth of eighteen for a serious complaint. The family had paid him fifteen guineas for treatment which proved a hollow mockery.

At Death's Door

In this case there was a sad sequel. Three days after the second lot of pills and powders arrived, the patient died.

Nothing that this "specialist" had done contributed to this youth's death, because his nostrums were utterly useless and harmless. The wickedness was in the shameless exploitation of this poor family when the patient was at death's door.

Always these bogus "specialists" trade on this "Secret Remedy" nonsense.

A Leicester mother of three children took an overdose of gold-coloured pills which caused her death.

These pills, which had cost this poor woman 12s.—and her life—were actually worth 6d.!

Among my gallery of quacks is Charles Martin, osteopath and bone-setter, who chose the Folkestone area for taking excessive fees from patients he undertook to cure of various ailments.

This unblushing quack charged many guineas for special pills, the ingredients of which were supposed to come from Russia.

He also offered at one time a secret German treatment for arthritis at a modest fee of twenty guineas.

Bluff and Extortion

"Doctor" James Robbins is another fake medical man who enriched himself by bluff and extortion.

Many of his patients paid him as much as fifteen guineas for special treatments which were not worth as many pence.

Another expert "healer" is Alfred Henry Brown, who advertised himself as the "Miracle Man" or "The Man with the £10,000 Hands."

He has toured Northern towns posing as a "specialist" and selling bottles of his "cures" at prices ranging from five shillings to five guineas.

This man used to impress his patients by driving up to their houses in a most luxurious car.

In many cases we have employed experts to analyse the many and various "remedies" for which readers have paid heavily.

Invariably, the analysis proved that these "secret remedies," although harmless, were also useless.

A "cure" for rheumatism, which was sold at 10s. 6d. a bottle, proved to be nothing but coloured water.

It now becomes a punishable offence to advertise "cures" for Bright's disease, cataract, diabetes, epilepsy, paralysis, tuberculosis and other diseases.

That is a gain, but much more remains to be done if the rampant quackery which has been exposed in these columns is to be stamped out.

SIR WYNDHAM CHILDS' PAGE

They Should Be in Bath Chairs —Not on the Bench

FAR too many lay magistrates are of the 1862 class and are no longer fitted to try cases.

JOHN BULL has said so time and again. And the reason I am returning to the subject is because both the Home Office and the Board of Education have recently urged the need for younger justices, particularly in juvenile courts.

New legislation gives the Lord Chancellor power to transfer a J.P.'s name to what is known as the "Supplemental List" which, relieving him of adjudicating or hearing cases, enables him, if necessary, to undertake ordinary administrative work. This legislation will have to be exercised drastically if any improvement is to be made.

Since the war there has been an alarming increase in juvenile crime, and many older magistrates do not make sufficient use of probation machinery when dealing with offenders.

* * *

With a rise of 41 per cent. in the number of children under fourteen found guilty of indictable offences during the first year of the war, there is also a substantial increase in the number of boys under seventeen actually sent to prison.

This is because, hearing that remand homes are full, Justices of the Peace have summarily dispose. of cases by granting a certificate under the Children and Young Persons Act without sufficient reason and, as a recent Home Office circular itself states, "without realising the serious results their action may have for the boys concerned."

On one Bench there sit two men over ninety, six over eighty and only six under sixty.

* * *

With a similar state of affairs existing in many parts of the country one must expect to find cases where sentences are locally regarded as harsh and unfair.

A boy of eleven was sent to jail for six months for stealing some sweets and coppers from a shop;

An elderly man was given imprisonment for taking a picture of a bombed house through ignorance;

A girl was sent to jail for a trivial torch offence;

Sentence of three months' hard labour was passed on a lad for taking a lighting set from a cycle; and

Two youths were jailed, without the option of a fine, for damaging property.

There has been little improvement in the selection of J.P.s since 1938.

What was the position then? Less than 12 per cent. of magistrates dealing with juveniles were under fifty years of age. More than 37 per cent. were between sixty and seventy. The remainder struggled along, well-intentioned enough I agree, towards the century mark.

There are, of course, many courts possessing first class Benches. They enjoy the services of a lawyer-clerk well versed in law.

But at others there sit justices, many very deaf, who clearly do not understand their high duties.

Justices of the Peace are appointed by the Lord Chancellor on the recommendation of the Lord-Lieutenant in Counties and of local Councils in Boroughs. Why not an age limit?

DON'T EAT RUBBISH

KEEP your eyes open more keenly than ever for members of the growing band of sugar, jam and other food "substitute" cheats.

A lot of swindling is going on just now in the sale of saccharin tablets. Some shopkeepers are selling them in sealed paper bags at the rate of about twenty for sixpence, yet reputable firms, with heavy overhead expenses, can still get a satisfactory return by offering them for sale at 10½d. per hundred.

"Cooking without eggs. Simply add water, and whisk. Every ounce dissolved produces a solution equivalent to five eggs, and is ready for use as such."

These words were labelled on an egg substitute sold by one firm. An analysis showed that the contents were 90 per cent. flour, 7 per cent. gelatine and 3 per cent. bicarbonate of soda. The firm has been fined for giving a false warranty.

As I have said before, many food substitutes on the market are good value for money, but, judging by the inquiries I am now receiving, quite a number are not!

SEND THEM ALL TO JAIL!

BOMB damage to houses and business premises has provided unscrupulous building contractors with opportunities for profiteering.

"Rogues and sharks" in the building trade have rightly been denounced by Mr. Richard Coppock, of the National Federation of Building Trade Operatives.

★ ★ ★

Slackness of control over contracts with builders engaged on repair work has meant that many local authorities are paying prices that amount to scandalous profiteering.

In many towns the Councils, owing to shortage of staff, cannot efficiently supervise the work done by the contractors, or the prices charged.

There is far too much jiggery-pokery on contract work in the badly bombed areas.

Instances have come to light where men, booked as working on particular jobs, were not even employed by the contractor!

In one area, men on regular paid A.R.P. duty spent many hours of their time on private work for a local building contractor.

This when the men were supposed to be on duty at the A.R.P. post.

There are many instances where bombed houses, which could have been effectively repaired for a small sum, have been demolished, chiefly because complete demolition has meant more profit to the contractor.

In other areas large sums have been spent on repairing houses which were actually beyond repair and should have been demolished.

★ ★ ★

In North London, a boy, who did nothing but make tea and run errands for the men engaged on repair work, was "earning" £5 a week!

One of his jobs was to tour tobacconists' shops in search of cigarettes for the men.

Somehow the local authorities must exercise more careful control of building contract work in the bombed areas.

Contractors who also happen to be members of local Councils, should, like Caesar's wife, be above suspicion.

Too often they are not.

Imprisonment for rogue contractors, engaged on war damage repair work, is a long overdue remedy.

Let the prosecutions start forthwith.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

MR. R. YOUNGHUSBAND, St. Patrick's Road, St. Annes-on-Sea, has been awarded this week's £1 1s. He has sent me information which has been filed away for record purposes.

Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

HUMANIST this week deals, among other problems, with that of the man who has made good, but whose past now threatens to cast its shadow over his prospects

Should I Tell?

"I could trust him . . . but I remember his past." That's the problem with which a reader faces "Humanist"

HIGHLY controversial problems have been sent to me this week, and I'll be bound that some folk will disagree with my answers. But I refuse to play for safety!

Here is the first letter:

A man I have known for many years wants me to give a reference in his application for a job.

I have received a questionnaire from his prospective employers and discover that the position is one of extreme trust and responsibility.

The questions admit only of plain "Yes" or "No" answers, such as "Is he honest?" and "Is he sober?"

The truth is that some fifteen years ago this man stole from his employers and was sentenced to imprisonment.

He returned an embittered man and for several years lived a terrible life of poverty and drunkenness.

Then, suddenly, he pulled up. Within a month he had secured a menial job and was engaged to be married.

I tried my utmost to dissuade him. He would hear none of my objections.

And he made good. Seven years ago he joined a first-class firm, where he has remained, gaining several promotions.

He has remained sober, has a nice home and a happy little family.

Now he has his big chance, for which he has worked so hard.

I would trust him with anything. But I remember his past.

Shall I keep silent about it?

Yes, I should.

Conscience might whine that I had not told the whole truth, but I should be more uneasy if I ruined him, while sure that he had become completely trustworthy.

THE second letter comes from a man of twenty-five who has always had to work hard for a living.

While on holiday he met a girl, fell in love with her, and kept company with her for months:

Though I had never been to her home, I thought her a working girl. But, invited to her home recently, I borrowed a car to make a good impression on her parents.

Imagine my surprise to find them people of wealth!

I have been there twice since, but have not dared to ask their permission for marriage.

The girl now tells me I must decide one way or the other within the next three months. Otherwise we must stop seeing each other.

My weekly salary is barely enough to keep me, and I would not accept money from her father.

If I don't do something quickly I shall lose the girl I love. What can I do?

In theory, the difference in their social positions ought not to matter if two young people are deeply in love. In actual practice it matters enormously.

It does not follow that when poverty comes in at the door love flies out of the window; but romantic love does not live long in drab surroundings and penury.

I should advise the young man to tell the girl the truth, and if she is still eager to marry he should have a man-to-man talk with her father.

Frankly, I am not hopeful about it.

HERE is a third subject about which opinions will differ:

My friend's wife is admirable as housewife, mother, and a good comrade. There is only one flaw in her: she refuses to grow up!

The husband is intelligent and has improved his education. His wife's schooling was very incomplete, her ability to grapple with problems small, and she has a sort of wooden dislike for the pursuit of knowledge.

Her ignorance is such that she thinks "anti-German" means "favouring Germany."

Her mistakes are so multitudinous that her husband has stopped inviting friends home to avoid embarrassment.

In my opinion, a man's wife should be an intellectual companion as well as a mate. What say you?

The wife has endless opportunities of acquiring knowledge from newspapers, books borrowed from a public library; she might listen to the General Knowledge tests of the B.B.C. or to the Brains Trust on Sunday afternoons.

But the real problem is that she refuses to learn, and I fancy her husband's attitude is responsible.

He is inclined to ridicule her ignorance, and her reaction is to be obstinate as a mule.

I think he is wrong in not inviting friends to the house. If I were a visitor I should be far less embarrassed by the wife's using a wrong word than by the husband who looked hurt or apologetic.

I know a brilliant woman married to an unusually ignorant husband, but she never shows impatience with his blunders, and he is proud of her cleverness.

If she made him feel small his resentment would smoulder in secret for years.

Guineas for Readers

Every week HUMANIST tackles a post-bag of human problems, and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

The People's Empire

THERE is upon the world to-day the shape of something new, an outline which in every land is slowly showing through. Life's pencil, with the thoughts of man, is tracing in every clime the greatest victory ever wrought within the course of time.

THIS outline, this prophetic shape, has in its vital course the purity of freedom which will delete brute force, and floodlight the whole universe with its motive clear, in every land the movements of life's purpose men can hear.

LIFE'S background may be fraught with pain, with bloodshed and with sin, but the purpose of the people will assuredly win, and the framework of their mounting will, lies on each land oppressed which smarts and suffers 'neath the stay of hell's repugnant guest.

SO come what may, and come what will, through these conflicting days, we will go forward through the dark and through the lifting haze; into the future which we know holds the wide prize of peace when the thunder and the roar of war will come at last to cease.

THERE is upon the world to-day the shape of things profound, in which the brotherhood of men will be forged and found, in which the old confusions will be wiped away and spent. God speed the hour of empire for all peoples, the world's extent.

J. M.

WHAT GENTLEMEN THEY ARE!

GUARDING a hole in the ground was a burly Yorkshire policeman. "Unexploded Bomb" a notice explained.

Again and again the policeman warned the onlookers away. They paid no heed.

Suddenly the bomb exploded.

Earth, fire, shrapnel leapt sky-high.

The P.C. was bowled over by something that struck him over the heart.

John Aspinall was his name. Mark it well!

He is one of the policemen who made Winston Churchill say, "What gentlemen they are!"

For all he knew his injuries were mortal. The pain was sickening.

Comforted Dying Child

Then Aspinall heard the agonised scream of a child: "I am killed!"

On the edge of the crater lay a boy.

Aspinall's agony was such that he could scarcely stand. Yet, somehow, he staggered on. Railings barred his way.

He paused, on the darkening verge of a faint. Then he scrambled over.

With low voice and gentle hands he comforted the dying child. So real was his help that when others tried to relieve the P.C. the boy shook his head.

"Let him stay!" he pleaded.

Not for a moment did Aspinall show his own pain. Then, when the boy's mother arrived, he fainted.

Doctors found that his ribs were fractured.

Scene Two is the cross-roads of a moonlit shopping street, where four wardens, patrolling in pairs through an air raid, had just met.

There was a tearing screech of a bomb. All four wardens dived for cover.

HEROES UNLIMITED:

"Your policemen are wonderful" has changed from a joke to one of the grandest truths

Warden Cook found himself in his own shop doorway.

Sharp daggers of glass stabbed him like needles.

From above, débris hurtled down.

When the other wardens tried to come to his aid he shouted them away.

"Don't bother about me! Look for the other casualties!"

In Essex, Stretcher-Bearer Johnson was called out one night. An H.E. had fallen within 6 ft. of a dug-out shelter, burying the occupants beneath earth, concrete and timber.

The rescue party extricated a man in the first ten minutes.

Then they found that his wife was pinned down in wreckage eight feet below ground. Unless they worked fast the débris might bury her alive.

Gradually they cut through—and Stretcher-Bearer Johnson went down head first.

Head down he lay for nearly an hour in the opening, soothing the woman, pressing back the shifting soil.

Every bomb shivered the earth.

It wasn't his job to stay there.

But courage knows no borderline. . .

Held Up a Shelter

Warden Ernest Ash faced up to Hitler one night when the Junkers dropped their load in his area.

Bombs first shattered a shelter and then started fires around it, igniting gas-mains in giant flares.

Ash literally held the shelter up so that other people might be freed.

Then another avalanche of wreckage slid down, and Ash took the full weight of it till the shelter had been cleared.

"Where there's a will, there's a way," might have been the motto of Dr. Harry Warren.

Calmly his wife, Sister Warren, surveyed his bag as the bombers rained death over Kent.

Sure enough, the call came. Sister Warren went with her husband—they are an inseparable pair.

Worked Under a Tottering House

Several persons were trapped in a cellar beneath a tottering house. Hardly had the rescue men tunnelled a few yards than the floor above them collapsed.

They tried again, and the collapsing timbers gave a creak of warning.

"Looks too dangerous to continue," said an A.R.P. chief.

"Let's try!" counselled Dr. Warren.

Just then a shout came from the rescue workers.

There was a chance, slender and perilous, of reaching the cellar.

The cover of a small coal chute had been unmasked.

Dr. Warren slid through feet first, taking morphia with him, and dropped like a sack of coals into the cellar, followed by his wife.

Grinding and creaking above them, the ruins threatened to cave in.

Yet Doctor and Sister Warren went unhurried about their work. They found the casualties, and shook their heads. They were too late.

Willing hands pulled them back from that pit of peril. Hardly were they out before the structure came down with a crash!

"JOHN BULL'S" TEN-MINUTE STORY . . . . By PATRICK SPENCER

STUFFED MARROW

THE early morning sun was shining cheerfully, and the air was pleasantly cool with the promise of a fresh summer's day, but Mr. Blenkinsop was perspiring very freely.

The weight of the long pannier in his hands had drawn his shoulders forward and downward, and in consequence his step-by-step progress from the house to the car had about it a curiously robot quality.

Not that there was anything robot-like about Mr. Blenkinsop's usually mild and cherubic face. In fact, it registered emotions with such rapid variety that a film star seeing it would have thrown in the sponge.

Judging by the anguish that hid Mr. Blenkinsop's features when his step faltered for a moment, one would have supposed the pannier to contain a piece of priceless and irreplaceable porcelain.

But the pannier, whose contents were hidden by a protective packing of straw that peeped coyly between the wickerwork, contained nothing so exquisitely frail as a Ming vase.

It contained something of much greater moment to Mr. Blenkinsop.

It contained a vegetable marrow.

Now you wouldn't suppose that anything so common or garden as a vegetable marrow could arouse such intensity of feeling.

But it was not the marrow itself so much as what it stood for that made it a precious cargo.

Among other things it would, Mr. Blenkinsop hoped, be the means of smacking back old Grimston's ears.

Him and his "Family men can't be good gardeners!"

For that was the burden of Mr. Grimston's discourses whenever he favoured Mr. Blenkinsop with an evening lecture over the party fence.

"A family," he would say—and he said it often—"are a damn nuisance in a garden." And he would wave an arm in the direction of Joan and Peter playing cricket on the Blenkinsop lawn, whence an occasional ball would come bouncing among the Blenkinsop cabbages and peas.

And Mr. Blenkinsop would say, "Nonsense!"

He was muttering something of the sort now as he arranged the pannier carefully in the corner opposite to that in which Minnie would sit when they drove to the showground.

"I'll show him," said Mr. Blenkinsop, stepping back and eyeing the pannier fondly.

For that vegetable marrow represented the Blenkinsop answer to the Grimston taunts.

HIS decision to grow it had been made one evening when Grimston had been more than usually dogmatic. "It's not a bit of good arguing," he had finished up. "A man with a family just *can't* grow such good vegetables as a bachelor. He hasn't the time to give to it."

"All right," Mr. Blenkinsop had replied, stung to a challenge. "I'll bet you I can grow a better marrow than you."

Mr. Grimston met the challenge gleefully.

"You'll see," he said. "Just when your rotten marrow needs attention the family will want to go out in the car. Or your wife will insist on you taking her shopping or something. *You'll* see. By the way," he added thoughtfully, "who's going to judge the winner?"

"That's easy," said Mr. Blenkinsop. "We'll enter them in the local horticultural show."

And that was that.

But Mr. Blenkinsop found it easier to throw out challenges than to fulfil them.

There was that dreadful evening, for instance, when Peter had come home with the announcement that he was top of the class, and Joan had pulled his hair to take some of the conceit out of him, and they had gone haywire all over the garden.

Mr. Blenkinsop shuddered when he thought of the seedlings slaughtered in those hectic few minutes.

And Peter, of course, had finished up by putting his foot through the cold frame right in the middle of the pots of marrow seedlings from which Mr. Blenkinsop was to choose the best specimen for final rearing.

It saved him the bother of choosing.

There was only one survival of the holocaust—and that by no means the most promising.

Grimston, of course, had viewed the whole debacle from beginning to end, and had got all the answers ready by the time Mr. Blenkinsop arrived on the scene.

"I told you so," he said, refraining with obvious difficulty from dancing a triumphal jig. "Just what I said. You *can't* have a garden and a family. They just don't go together."

"Nonsense!" said Mr. Blenkinsop—but not very convincingly.

He chivvied Joan and Peter into the house and returned to bear away the surviving seedling to a safer asylum.

Grimston, of course, was still leaning on the fence. It was a wonder the man found time to do any gardening at all!

"You can send 'em into the house," he jeered. "Might as well lock the stable door when the horse has been pinched. And anyway," he added maliciously, "they'll be out again smashing everything up as soon as your back's turned."

"Wait and see," said Mr. Blenkinsop darkly. It was not, he realised, a very fruity come-back, but it was the best he could cook up under the circumstances.

Thereafter Mr. Blenkinsop had lavished on the surviving marrow the worried affection of a hen to whom the hawks had left a solitary chick. For months he had given it food and drink—ante-natally to the plant that bore it, and post-natally to the fruit itself—and had watched over its progress day by day.

And to-day was the day of the show.

Mr. Blenkinsop closed the car door carefully, and went to see if Minnie and the children were ready.

It appeared that they were not ready, and Mr. Blenkinsop fussed around a goodish bit, pointing out that if they didn't get to the show before the time stated on the schedule the marrow would be disqualified and his hopes blighted—or words to that effect.

"Coo! That *would* be a swizz," said Peter. "We've got to do old Grim one in the eye." He struck an attitude. "You married men," he declaimed in Grimstonian style, "will never make good gardeners. You——"

"You get a move on," said his father rudely.

BY the time they reached the showground the big marquee that housed the vegetables was crowded with exhibitors busily arranging their entries.

Also, the sun had been shining steadily on the canvas roof, so the atmosphere was hardly conducive to that ice-cold, devil-may-care demeanour that Mr. Blenkinsop had privately decided to adopt on meeting Grimston at the lists.

Mr. Blenkinsop, indeed, was once again perspiring with anxiety when he found the space allotted to him and saw the Grimston marrow already in position.

He turned his back ostentatiously on his rival, unpacked the marrow with Minnie's assistance, and placed it reverently in position.

Yes. It *looked* better than Grimston's.

He stepped back a little way and cocked his head.

It was almost certainly *bigger*, too.

He eyed his rival surreptitiously, and was overjoyed to observe his expression.

It would be untrue to suggest that Mr. Grimston was gnawing his moustache, because he had no moustache to gnaw. But that was the impression he gave.

Presently the exhibitors were shooed away and the judges left in sole possession.

Mr. Blenkinsop hovered about the entrance to the marquee until he saw Grimston watching him, upon which he walked away in a dignified manner to the far end of the tent and hovered there.

AND as he hovered his mind went back over the last two weeks.

Had he done everything possible?

He thought so.

That had been a delicate moment when, a fortnight ago, he had with infinite care pierced the stem of the marrow and threaded into it the strands of wool, the other ends of which dangled in a glass jar of fluid.

Spoon-fed, that's what it was, thought Mr. Blenkinsop. But it was worth it. He was sure the marrow was bigger than Grimston's.

And so it ought to be. The dashed thing had stuffed itself with food—drunk up a jarful every night.

The anxiety of those last few days, too!

He hadn't gone so far as to sit up with the marrow with a gun over his knees, but the idea had certainly entered his head.

And then there was the question of the judges.

You never knew. And old Grimston got about and met a lot more people than he did.

But Mr. Blenkinsop spurned the suggestion that British horticultural adjudicators were amenable to bribery.

He was still spurning it, albeit somewhat half-heartedly, when he saw the crowd surging towards the entrance. He galloped round the marquee, tripped over a tent peg into the arms of Minnie and the children, and together they jostled their way through the crowd.

Mr. Blenkinsop's heart gave a jump and settled back into place in company with a look of blessed relief and proudest triumph.

Propped neatly against the Blenkinsop marrow was a red card.

Then they caught sight of Mr. Grimston behind a dish of tomatoes.

It would be untrue to suggest that Mr. Grimston was biting his nails, for he habitually kept them pared too closely to indulge in that luxury. But that was the impression he gave.

He caught Mr. Blenkinsop's eye, and advanced with forced geniality.

"Well," he remarked, smiling with his teeth, "you've pulled it off all right. Congratulations. But it doesn't alter the force of my argument. I still maintain that the family man is at a disadvantage in a garden."

"We needn't go into that now, need we?" said Mr. Blenkinsop, noticing curious glances from nearby spectators.

"Eh? No, perhaps not. I tell you what, though," said Mr. Grimston. "As between rivals, and if it isn't giving away secrets, how did you get just that extra bit of size that brought it off?"

"Oh, *that*," remarked Mr. Blenkinsop airily. "The *family*," he indicated them with verbal emphasis and a wave of the hand, "the *family* gave me their last fortnight's sugar rations to make syrup for it."

Grimston, of course, had viewed the whole debacle from beginning to end, and had got all the answers ready by the time Mr. Blenkinsop arrived on the scene

VOICE of the PEOPLE

★ *This is your feature—a weekly opportunity for readers to tell the world their news and views. We pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published. The address is: "Voice of the People," 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.*

SEEING cigarettes displayed in the tobacconist's, I asked for ten.

I was told they were for regular customers.

I called a policeman, asked whether I hadn't a right to insist on being served with articles displayed for sale.

He said I was right. And I got my cigarettes.—Mrs. Q. Newcombe, Hillcrest Road, Rumsam, Barnstaple, North Devon.

Sergeant-Major Malice

We soldiers stationed at —— asked the sergeant-major whether we could help local farmers in the hayfield.

He answered, bullyingly: "If you want something to do, I'll soon remedy that."

And gave us saluting drill!—Four Tommies, Somewhere in Essex.

Has the Commanding Officer been told? He should be.

We Differ

Your correspondent R. S. Wilkinson writes that photograms (letters and printed matter condensed by means of the camera) were used in the siege of Paris.

Impossible. The gelatine film wasn't discovered until the year of the siege (1870); fine-grain films are a much more recent development.

Previous types of negative would be totally unsuited.—C. Scott (junior), 4, Cambridge Terrace, Gateshead, County Durham.

Oh! Six readers sent us photograms delivered during the siege—one a miniature copy of *The Times*, so small that it beat the office magnifying-glass. Type was so tiny that there was no point in our reproducing them.

Salute to Russia

Frederick the Great never met a more redoubtable foe than the Russians.

The punishment inflicted on Napoleon's army by the Russians at Eylau was terrific.

They are great fighters—although the Russian High Command hasn't been too good.

Steam-rollers must have good drivers.—Peter Richmond, Aberdovey, N. Wales.

Outwitting Goering

I have just had a letter from a Canadian cousin who has received a letter from a German girl friend in Germany—by a roundabout route.

She wrote telling how happy she was. There was no place in the world she liked better, she said, except beloved Mount Hope.

The censor passed it. He didn't know that Mount Hope is a Canadian cemetery.—Mr. D. Martyn, Easter Mavisbank House, Airdrie, N.B.

Holidays for Landladies

Give a holiday break to the tens of thousands of landladies who are looking after war workers and evacuees!

Their job is a seven-days-a-week, fifty-two-weeks-a-year one. Music-hall jokes apart, the majority of them [and I say this as a lodger, not a landlady] work every working hour without thoughts of self.

Couldn't the Women's Volunteer Service organise a scheme?—Alfred G. Wells, 36, Bath Street, Rugby.

We agree. We get letters criticising landladies—but many, many more praising them.

Whiskered M.P.s

Ten per cent. of our M.P.s are over seventy, 36 per cent. over sixty, 64 per cent. over fifty.

As no change will be permitted until the end of the war, we look like having a lot of old dodderers by then.—E. Radcliffe, Lowerhouses Lane, Lowerhouses, Huddersfield.

Point is that the electors chose them, and none but the electors should have a right to dismiss them. Any other way spells dictatorship.

It's Uncle Sam's Business

As an American by birth and citizenship, who loves and admires the Old Country beyond words, I would ask British people not to be too vociferous in demanding that America enters the war at once.

It isn't easy for a Briton to realise what difficulties lie in the way of a "quick decision" of any kind by American statesmen.—John Proctor, Tideswell Road, Shirley, near Croydon.

Lucky London

Do give us facts, please!

You publish a letter from Mr. Varley in JOHN BULL stating that chocolates and sweets can be bought for as low as 1s. 6d. a pound.

I might tell you that the cheapest are 7d. a quarter—if you can get them.

In Wickford (Essex) market-place you can get an occasional packet on Mondays in the market, but none in the shops.—Mrs. D. J., Billericay, Essex.

Reader Varley referred to three shops in London within 100 yards of One another. They are Messrs. Marks and Spencer, Woolworths, and Littlewoods. On receiving above "Give us Facts" letter we sent out a boy and bought sweets from each, ranging from marzipan assortment at 4d. a quarter at Marks and Spencer to slab chocolate at Woolworths at 6d. a quarter.

Craving for Khaki

Mr. Bevin's threat to de-reserve young miners who don't pull their weight won't help one bit.

Such a threat is just what they want. They are chafing to get into the Services.

As a pitman myself I would tell him that the threat of a fine for every shift lost would be far more effective.—C. L. J., Buckhaven, Fife.

Martyr

Critics of miners should read a Leicestershire inquest report.

A Leicester colliery worker was killed. His manager said the accident was due to his determination to produce as much coal as possible.

He voluntarily took over while the pony driver was at lunch.—F. Wood, Hillmorton Road, Rugby.

Price of Victory

Don't pull too long a face when you hear of minor naval losses.

Last time we lost:

13 Battleships.
3 Battle Cruisers.
25 Cruisers.
6 Monitors.
64 Destroyers.
10 Torpedo-boats.
59 Submarines, and many small craft.

And still we won!—Robert Lock, Clarence House, Clarence Road, Exmouth, Devon.

SWAFFER LIFTS THE LID

WHY NOT THE INTERNATIONALE?

● Every Sunday night they play, with a monotonous regularity, ten national anthems, including Abyssinia's. It has become a crashing bore, pardonable only because it may give hope to some poor victim of Nazi oppression.

We play the national anthems of conquered countries whose Governments, settled here, depend on us entirely for their arms, their food and their supplies.

Yet, when Russia puts millions of men in the field and deals fiercer blows at the Nazis than all the rest of our Allies put together, the B.B.C. does not play its national tune!

The fault is that of our Foreign Office which, for reasons known only to itself, says "Russia is an associate, not an ally."

With such a tragic stupidity has Whitehall found excuses, for years past, for siding with the Right and cold-shouldering the Left.

Russia may prove, in the next few weeks, our salvation. Even at the worst, if she collapses under the strength of the German war-machine—she will have seriously weakened it.

Yet, no doubt because of her politics, she is now being treated by lordly Whitehall as if she were a poor relation, of a much lower social rank!

WHY WAS OLIVER LYTTELTON SENT EAST?

● The choice of a man who, a few months ago, had not even entered Parliament, or even apparently thought of doing so, as a member of the War Cabinet surprised nearly everyone.

Yet when the operations in the Middle East, which involved five campaigns, the very difficult management of hundreds of thousands of prisoners and the organisation of supplies pouring through the Red Sea had inflicted a long strain on Sir Archibald Wavell, some such man with semi-autocratic powers was needed to deal with a hundred complications.

So Winston promoted a man who, a few months ago, was chairman of the British Metal Corporation, this because of his extraordinary success as President of the Board of Trade.

Affairs in Cairo had got into a mess. Lyttelton was sent there to sort them out, with full Cabinet authority.

Yet, when he entered the Board of Trade, he behaved almost like a schoolboy, grinning nervously at conferences with the Press or with Industry, fiddling with his cigarette-case.

After the war, he is going to remain a big man, and his intimates declare he won't play Party politics. He doesn't care a hoot for any Whip's office, and he believes that technical science can soon make good the losses of war, if it is used.

IS RUSSIA'S STAND THE TURNING POINT?

● "The great battle now going on," said Maisky, "is the turning point of the war. On the outcome depends the future of the world."

But we were once told that Dunkirk was the turning point. Then it was the Battle of Britain, and, later, Wavell's brilliant victories.

Speakers and writers are in the habit of using phrases which come easily to the tongue, and even put ink on the pens with which they are written.

The truth is that a long war is a series of crises, one dramatic happening after another, phase after phase.

If the Russian stand continues for another two months, it may prove more than a turning point. It may be the climax.

If, on the other hand, it collapses, it means that, more than ever, the real turning point of the war is the hour in which every scrap of effort, both here and in America, is bent to a common purpose.

IS THE PEN MIGHTIER THAN THE SWORD?

● Sir Ronald Storrs, opening a Books and Freedom Exhibition at Edinburgh, said that if all works containing disobliging references to despots, tyrants or slavery or sentiments favourable to freedom, independence and equality were excised from the world libraries, there would be few masterpieces left.

Time after time, we hear that the pen is mightier than the sword.

The power of the sword actually disappeared half a century ago. It became the power of the Maxim gun, and shrapnel and high-explosive shells.

Now the might of the bomb dropped from an aeroplane has taken its place, and the all-crushing tank.

But, despite all the horrors of modern warfare, the fact remains that the written word and the spoken word, when they inspire to action, remain the most vital things in the world.

It was the pen and public utterance that gave power to Nazidom, which could only exist because the pens and the tongues of its opponents were broken and silent.

And, when the war is over, it will be the pens of inspired writers and the tongues of inspired speakers that will enthuse us so that we shall build on the ruins of the old world a new and better one

COULDN'T RATION BOOKS BE SIMPLIFIED?

● Every time new ration books are issued, endless time has to be spent by housewives in filling in page after page of particulars for each member of the family, even though they said it all during a previous registration.

Many people find these complicated forms as much of a headache as the Income Tax.

Whitehall, apparently, is enjoying the war. Its forms and its formulæ are all the work of men who delight in that sort of thing

Winston gave orders, early in his Premiership, that verbiage and complicated phrase should be rewritten in all Government memoranda into easy and simple words. But apparently nobody obeyed.

But then he also invented a famous "Action To-day" stamp, which he himself put on urgent papers He hasn't used it often enough

I Feel That Writing This Letter Is

THE LEAST I CAN DO

To Show My Appreciation Of YEAST-VITE

Brand Tonic.

Abertillery,
May 23rd, 1941.

Dear Sirs,—I feel that writing this letter is the least I can do to show my appreciation of your wonderful product YEAST-VITE.

Six years ago I had a nervous breakdown, which compelled me to give up work, and to add to this I contracted acute pleuro-pneumonia 14 months ago, and it left me terribly weak and depressed. My wife had got me anything we could afford in the way of so-called remedies, but nothing seemed to do me any good or bring any relief. Last week, however, we scraped together 1/5, and bought a bottle of Yeast-Vite. We saw it advertised so much and recommended so often, we concluded it must be some good.

Well, Sirs, it not only did me *some good*, but no one would credit the change in me in so short a time, and here I'm confident I have the answer to all my health troubles, in these wonderful little tablets. I thank you in terms I can't express for them.

You can do what you like with this letter, except the publication of my name and address to save me from obvious local embarrassment, but you are at liberty to give it to any "doubting Thomas." (Sgd.) Mr. L. P.

Accept This Offer!

If you suffer from Headaches, Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Nerves, Indigestion, Sleeplessness, Constipation, simply obtain a 1/3 bottle of Yeast-Vite at once. If you don't feel better QUICKLY, return the empty carton to Irving's Yeast-Vite, Ltd., Watford, within one month of purchase, and your money will be refunded in full. YEAST-VITE brand tablets 7d., 1/3, 3/3 and 5/8, including Purchase Tax. Sold Everywhere.

JB 28

THE LAST LAUGH

D. M. (Angmering).—"What do you think my fiancée was doing when I saw her in a cinema queue the other evening?" Waiting.

D. N. (Torquay).—"What would you do if you suddenly had severe cramp while swimming in the sea a mile from the shore?" Sink.

M. L. (Eastern Counties).—"An incendiary bomb completely destroyed my garden shed." So now you will have to buy your neighbour a new set of tools?

M. N. (Malvern).—"A butterfly never eats anything during its lifetime." But when it is a caterpillar in our garden it generally allows for that.

F. M. (Ventnor).—"The Germans are trying to get a certain amount of comfort from the fact that many of our necessities are going up in price." But this is rather counteracted by the fact that our bombs continue to come down.

B. K. (Highgate).—"You will no doubt remember the car in which I arrived at your office last week because you passed some rather unkind remarks about it. Well, how many do you think it can carry comfortably?" None.

SHOP ASSISTANT (Salford).—"When I told my boss I intended to leave him, he chased me out of the place. What do you think of that?" Perhaps he wanted to make sure that you carried out your intention.

P. B. (Scunthorpe).—"English is a wonderful language. Just look what a clever writer can do with twenty-six letters." Or a clever lawyer with only two or three.

MRS. D. (Gloucester).—"The same man to whom I gave some of my home-made cake last week turned up again at my door." But surely he could never be the same man again?

S. L. (Rye).—"Careless talk in bars may lead to very serious consequences." There is the classic instance of the man who, mistaking the identity of a fellow customer, remarked, "You must have a double." And he did.

E. F. (Holbeach).—"After all, nobody can possibly want a rhinoceros." Except, of course, another rhinoceros.

F. G. (Cambridge).—"Is there any advice you can give to a philosopher thinking of writing his memoirs?" Yes, think again.

JACK (Maidenhead).—"I am in love for the first time. My feet are on the ground, but my head is in the clouds." Pull yourself together, man!

B. V. (Southwold).—"I am only twenty-one, but I have a good head on my shoulders." At your age we had many a good head on our shoulders.

N. C. (Rugby).—"My girl asked me to stop drinking for her sake." But you don't drink for her sake, do you?

B. R. (Banstead).—"My pal lost his fortune the year he got married. How do you think his wife took it?" Oh, a hundred here, and a hundred there!

F. N. (Histon).—"Half my worldly wealth is in the bank. Can you guess where the other half is?" Yes, out of it.

H. N. (Bromley).—"I was captaining the side and was very annoyed by the crowd shouting to me to take off my best bowler." Why on earth were you wearing that?

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips."

DAILY EXPRESS:—"The kind of Sunday they talked about no longer existed. The PUPS were open on Sunday."

HALIFAX COURIER AND GUARDIAN:—"SIXTY-TWO YEARS AGO, he was found dead in bed this morning by his servant."

BURTON CHRONICLE:—"... and carried a bouquet of pink carnations, the WIFE OF THE BRIDEGROOM."

THE GREATEST OF THESE

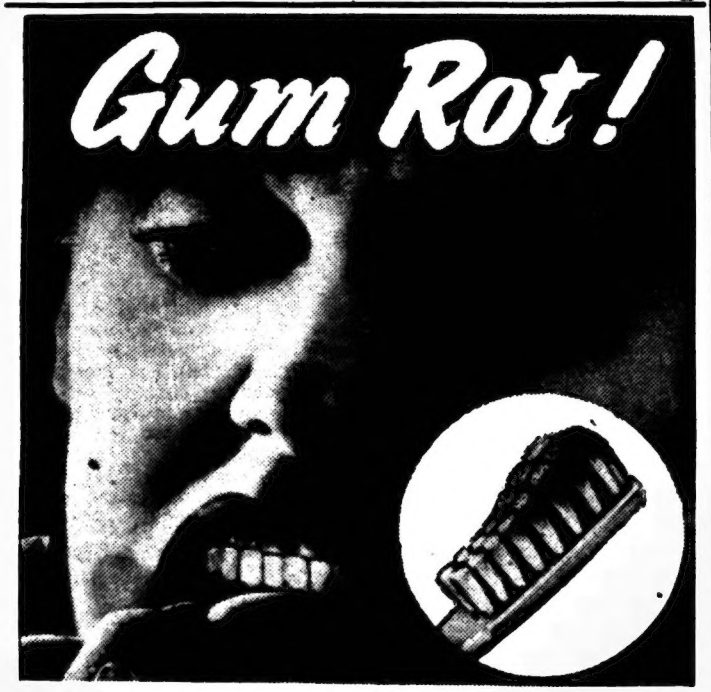
● **March 13 was a very unlucky date for Mr. John Crinion, a Lancashire man, for his leg was blown off by an enemy bomb.**

An ex-soldier of the last war, he was the sole bread-winner for a completely paralysed wife and a partly paralysed son and daughter.

Now they have to share a small house with a poor widow and her daughter who also had their home wrecked in an air raid.

John Crinion's unemployment pay is £2 17s. a week, from which he must devote 10s. rent and all other expenses for his helpless family.

Please send a donation earmarked "Paralysed," or for our General Fund, addressed to the Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. There are no deductions for administration expenses; every penny sent is devoted to the Fund.



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£20: Col.-Sgt. (O.R.S.) J. Wood, "H.Q.", 8th Royal Scots, Somewhere-in-Britain.
Example: A Man's Job
Bullet: And Woman's Worries, Wouldn't I

£10: N. Pate, 76, Pinnox St., Tunstall, S.O.T.
Example: Hit Too Much
Bullet: For Germany's "Sword-swallower," "Globe."

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Town .....
County .....

19/7/40 JP.1

Offer applies only to St. Britain, N. Ireland and Eire.

A Penny Stamp for your printed number must be firmly affixed here by you.

Write below in Block Letters.

Name .....

FULL POSTAL ADDRESS .....

(JP.2)

WAR WORK

is *your* opportunity to be in the big attack. Every day the new arms factories want more and more workers—particularly women.

WAR WORK

is the one thing Hitler fears. He knows it must beat him sooner or later.

WAR WORK

is quickly learnt. There are Training Centres all over the country and you are paid while you learn.

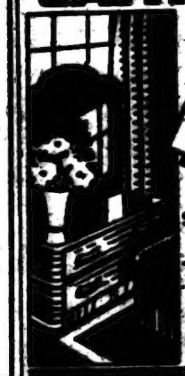
WAR WORK

is waiting for YOU. Just go to your local Employment Exchange and they will make all arrangements. Any Post Office will tell you the address.

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF LABOUR AND NATIONAL SERVICE

BUY NOW from

CAMPBELLS



36 MONTHS TO PAY

SUITES 10/- — from — MONTHLY.

278 MARE STREET HACKNEY, London (HEAD OFFICE) E.8

NO DEPOSIT

PRIZES £325 MUST BE WON THIS WEEK

£200 £50 £20 £10 £5 £4 £3 £2

30/- 29/- 28/- 27/- 26/- 25/-

BULLETS

USE any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a *Bullet* simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* below.

KING GEORGE
THE SOBER TRUTH
DOING HIS BIT
AT THE WAR OFFICE
INVITING TROUBLE
WE ALL THINK
OOMING IN USEFUL
THE BRITISH NAVY
HELPING TO WIN
WHEN IN KHAKI

FEELING THE PINCH
TOMMY'S PAY
MAN OF PUSH
MY WIFE
SHOULD BE PUNISHED
HARD TO SWALLOW
RUNNING AWAY
IN PARLIAMENT
ON DUTY SENT
GERMANY'S GAME

Six "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line.

To ..... The Russians
Dad's A ....., But
Can't Keep .....
Robbing The .....
Just Like A .....
Called .....

BULLETS 1,278 RESULT appears on page 14

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

Plain paper entry equally eligible.

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets on this coupon.

P.O. Value..... No. .....

1,283 Closing Postmark MON., JULY 22

Signed .....

Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS ENTRY

With "Bullets" you may enclose Xwords —one entry-fee covers both entries.

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Xwords First Prize will go to competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Awards value £50 between Runners-up. Not more than one Bullet Prize per contest allowed to any one entrant. Completed Bullet in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Xwords shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—Postal Order or Stamps must be enclosed for entry-fee at rate of 6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Xword columns used. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed & Co., write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contests, to appear in "John Bull" dated August 10, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families not eligible.

PRIZES VALUE £125 FOR THIS XWORD ONE WEEK ONLY!

£100 1ST PRIZE RUNNERS-UP AWARDS VALUE £25

For result of Xword No. 231, see page 14; to win in this week's Competition, study Clues carefully and enter on coupon below.

TRY John Bull's 10 MINUTE XWORD No. 235

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column. 5p Entry-fee for 1 Col. 5p 5p 5p

It's difficult to find this in country to-day			P		A	C	E				
Two soldiers have power enjoyed taking a hand in	B	A	N		E	R					
As soon as April's gone, month that's this is expected					A	Y					
Dogs that chase these are a positive nuisance		C	A		S						
This of the 365 helps to make lovers of light	S	E	A		I	N	G				
For certain special purposes, spit spoilt by costly dish		B	E		T						
If you correct out this you'll probably have this darker colour			A		P	L	E				
What looks like underwater horse may prove to be just this					O	N	Y				
There's something wrong with pimple who do this often		T	I		E						
This of Shrove can sometimes be seen in flower shop	C	L	U		T	E	R				
Dotted father's punishment is rarely this					E	L	T				
You'd expect good antique dealer to know something about	C	L	O		K	S					
You're not surprised to find gate into field is this	B	A	R		E	D					
To win war, public must have confidence in country's			A		M	S					
This of aerodromes for bombers most of necessity to great	E	X	P		N	S	E				

PLAIN PAPER Send in entries on this coupon at rate of 6d. for each 2 columns submitted. Extra entries on plain paper equally eligible — same rate of entry-fee.

Closing Postmark MON., JULY 22

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee.

P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

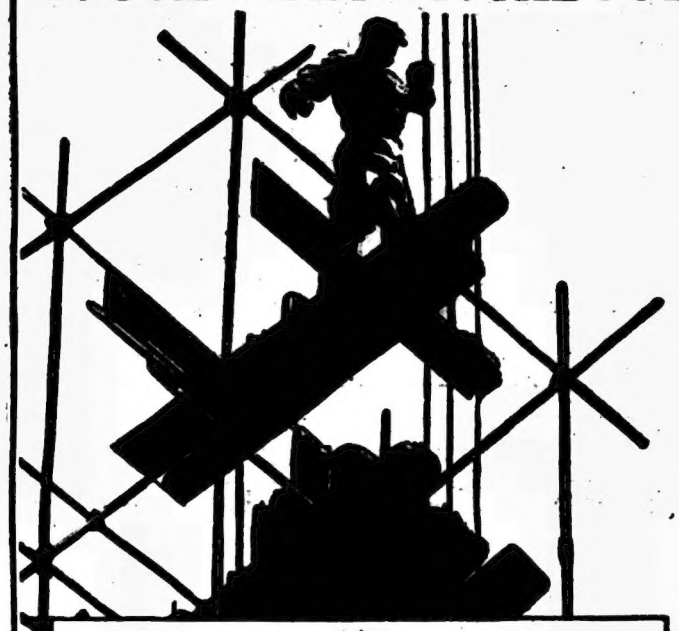
Address .....

CUT ROUND THIS LINE

ADDRESS YOUR ENTRY

"Bullets" No. 1,283 or Xword No. 235, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2. (Comp.)

BUILDERS
YOU'RE FIRST ON THE JOB



In the race against time to produce more planes, more tanks, more guns, more shells and more of every kind of modern weapon, more factories are needed — *urgently*. Each new factory completed means more wheels turning. Speed the factories.

Ministry of Works

I thank PHOSFERINE again and again
says Aircraft fitter.

"I am an aircraft fitter and work rather long hours every day. I began to feel very run down. To make matters worse I could not sleep. A workmate advised me to try Phosferine. I did, and began to feel better in every way, and am glad to say I am back to my old form again. I thank that wonderful tonic Phosferine again and again."

Mr. W.

Ask your chemist for a bottle of this really great tonic today.

PHOSFERINE, Tablets or Liquid, 1/5, 3/5 & 5/8 (including Purchase Tax).

Two tablets equal ten drops of Liquid. The 3/5 size is nearly four times the 1/5 size: you save 2/-.

PHOSFERINE
Brand

THE GREATEST OF ALL TONICS FOR

Depression	Neuralgia	Sciatica
Headache	Sleeplessness	Anaemia
Indigestion	Influenza	Debility
Brain Fag	Rheumatism	Neurasthenia

HOW THE FRESH-FOOD VITAMINS CAN HELP YOUR CHILDREN

1. They guard against infection. 2. They promote sturdy growth; strengthen the bones and teeth; prevent rickets. 3. They help to keep the skin and hair healthy. 4. They help the eyes to see at night.

ROWNTREE'S COCOA now contains the Fresh-Food Vitamins

Prices: quarter-lb. 5d. half-lb. 9½d.

HERE'S what you are UP AGAINST!

Sudden hot spells and quick weather changes upset many people. They cannot adapt themselves readily without assistance. 'ASPRO' GIVES THE HELP THEY NEED. When sleep just will not come 'ASPRO' brings it smoothly and easily. Even if you only have time for a short "snatch" of sleep you will wake refreshed and reinvigorated, no nervousness, no "hang-over." For headache, depression and nerve strain two 'ASPRO' tablets quickly bring calm and comfort. Furthermore, 'ASPRO' swiftly banishes summer chills and rheumatic twinges — both very prevalent just now. For sore throat, gargle with two 'ASPRO' tablets in half a glass of warm water.

Summer Chills & Headaches

Rheumatic Twinges

Sleeplessness and Nerve Strain

'ASPRO' Gives QUICK RELIEF!

Value of 'Aspro' in Times of Stress

Mrs. D. GLOVER, of 13 Blayton Road, Sheffield, writes:—"I am pleased to say my family and myself are all safe and we still have our home. During these nerve racking nights 'ASPROS' have become more valuable than ever and we are deriving a greater benefit from them."

Summer and Winter Head Colds Banished

Mr. F. H. WEST, of Highgate, N.19, writes:—"I suffered severe head colds frequently, summer and winter alike. I had only to meet anyone with a cold and sure enough I took it. Now, about three years ago, I saw an advert. for 'ASPRO' and decided to give them a trial. They proved really wonderful and when I feel the slightest chill or I am in company with anyone with influenza colds, I safeguard myself with a couple of 'ASPRO' tablets before retiring and at intervals during the day if necessary. I am such a firm believer in them that my friends chip me about my little rolls of 'ASPRO' which I ALWAYS carry with me in case of emergency but nevertheless, they are often grateful to partake of some."

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetylsalicylic Acid and its claims are based on its genuineness.

Made in England by ASPRO LIMITED, SLOUGH, BUCKS.

No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.

ASPRO PRICES INCLUDING PURCHASE TAX 3½d 7d 1/5 2/10

NO BLACK OUT FOR TEETH WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½d and 1/3 including Tax (Prices U.K. only)

Give your teeth a shine with Gibbs

NO MESS NO WASTE

Who's the Girl with the SLIM Figure

SLIM, radiant, distinctive, she is the envy of her sisters, the admiration of an adoring opposite sex. A perfect figure—flawless skin—all-round fitness—all may be yours by taking Bile Beans.

A couple of Bile Beans—at bedtime each night—will enable you to 'slim while you sleep.' Purely vegetable, they disperse fat-forming wastes, keep you internally healthy and your figure youthful and trim.

Be as attractive and as vital as she is: Get that radiant health and youthful, slim figure by taking Bile Beans regularly.

7d., 1/5 & 3/5. Also in pennyworths.

'I have not put on an ounce of surplus fat anywhere since taking Bile Beans regularly. They not only keep my figure slim and attractive but ensure splendid health."
—Miss A. T., London, W.9

BILE BEANS
Brand Pills

MAKE YOU HEALTHY, RADIANT & SLIM

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